THE BYSTANDER
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NOVEMBER 18, 1931
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NEW FASHION FEATURE: By *JANE GORDON*

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, November 18, 1931

No. 1457. Vol. CXII.

the BYSTANDER

Bertram Park

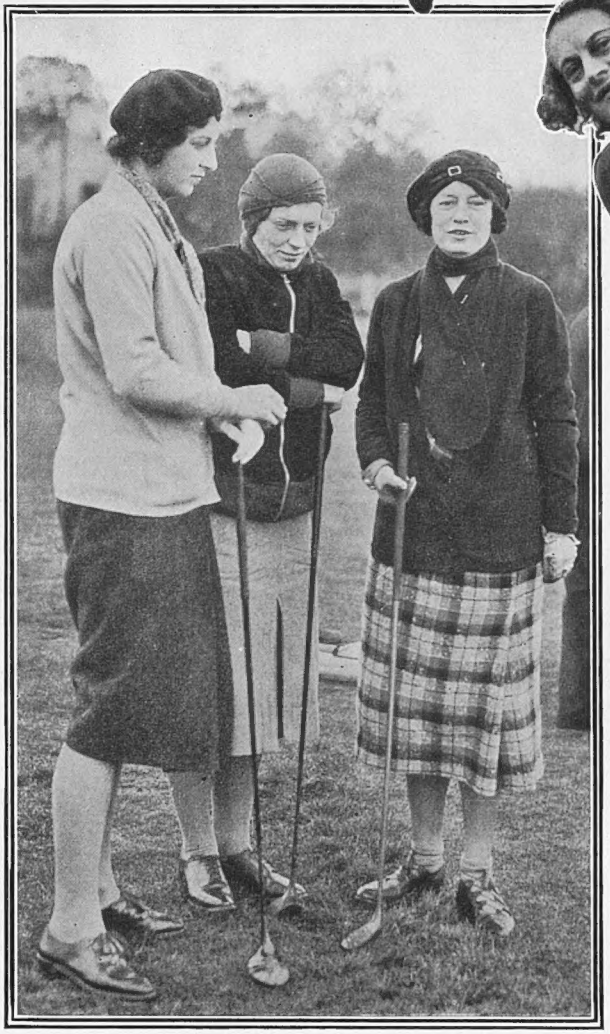
THE MARCHIONESS OF DOURO

Who is on the Committee of the British Porcelain Ball, to be held at Claridge's on November 24 in aid of the National Birthday Trust Fund. The daughter-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, she is the younger sister of Lord Glentanar

LADIES' PARLIAMENTARY GOLF AT WALTON HEATH

Lady Darnley, who finished third, playing from the rough during the recent meeting of the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association at Walton Heath. Watching her is Lady Belper, who was another of the twenty-nine members to compete

The Hon. Mary Foley, the Baroness Berkeley's elder daughter, bunkered before the eighteenth green



Miss Ward (left), Miss R. Stanley, who finished second, and the Marchioness of Headfort waiting to play during the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Meeting

Lady Caroline Agar driving off from the first tee at Walton Heath during the competition

Their Majesties driving in State to Westminster for the opening of the most important and interesting Parliament of modern times. The Government faces an "opposition" which looks to be conducted by its own rank and file, with Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. L. S. Amery and Brig.-General Sir Henry Page Croft in the van

the passing hour

THE new Parliament, which was opened in State by Their Majesties last Tuesday, gives indications of being anything but dull, and it looks as though daily newspapers will have to give more attention to reports than has been the fashion for some years past. I heard, by the by, from a very well authenticated source, that the reason for the delay in announcing the Cabinet was because Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was most desirous of appointing Mr. Runciman as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to which Mr. Baldwin himself assented.

HOWEVER, leaders of the Conservative Party, including Lord Hailsham, took strong steps, with the result that Mr. Neville Chamberlain became Chancellor, to the satisfaction, it must be supposed, of the electors generally. Mr. Winston Churchill, sitting on the front corner seat below the gangway, is evidently keeping a watchful eye on future developments, and the real Opposition to the Government, if they appear to be laggard, will evidently come from the rank and file of the Conservatives themselves.

THEY tell me that the House of Lords was more crowded than it ever has been before. More than sixty peeresses applied for seats in the House of Lords, and were unable to get them. Every aisle was crowded with peers who had gallantly given up their seats. Of all the women present, I am told that Lady Ribblesdale looked perhaps the most effective. She certainly has one of the prettiest heads in England or America.

LORD JERSEY, I hear, has now left his nursing home, and Mr. Ronnie Slessor, who married

Count Edward Taaffe and Miss Grace McLaughlin, a granddaughter of the late Lord Chief Justice Meredith, leaving Dunboyne Church, Co. Meath, after their wedding last week. The bridegroom is an Austrian, descended from one of the most ancient families in Irish history, and the son of the late Henry, 12th Viscount Taaffe. The title was confirmed in 1860 by the House of Lords and subsequently revoked during the War, when a bill was passed depriving of their British titles all those who fought against the Allies

ARMISTICE DAY IN WHITEHALL

THE NEW CABINET

Members of the Cabinet at the Cenotaph on Armistice Day. From left to right, in the front row, are Sir Ph Mr. Stanley Baldwin, Capt. E. A. Fitzroy (the Speaker), Lord Sankey and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. The last

Lord Jersey's mother, is very much better. Almost everyone I know, including Lady Cynthia Tothill, seems to have been ill recently. The greatest tragedy of all was the death last week of Lord Rosebery's brilliant son at Oxford.

I HAPPENED to be in Oxford on that very day—Armistice Day—and heard that Dr. James, the Venerable President of St. John's College, is lying very seriously ill. Dr. James, known to countless Oxford men and Old Rugbeians as "the Bodger," is eighty-eight, and has one of the finest beards even in Oxford. One of his most brilliant pupils was Mr. Frank Fletcher, the present headmaster of Charterhouse.

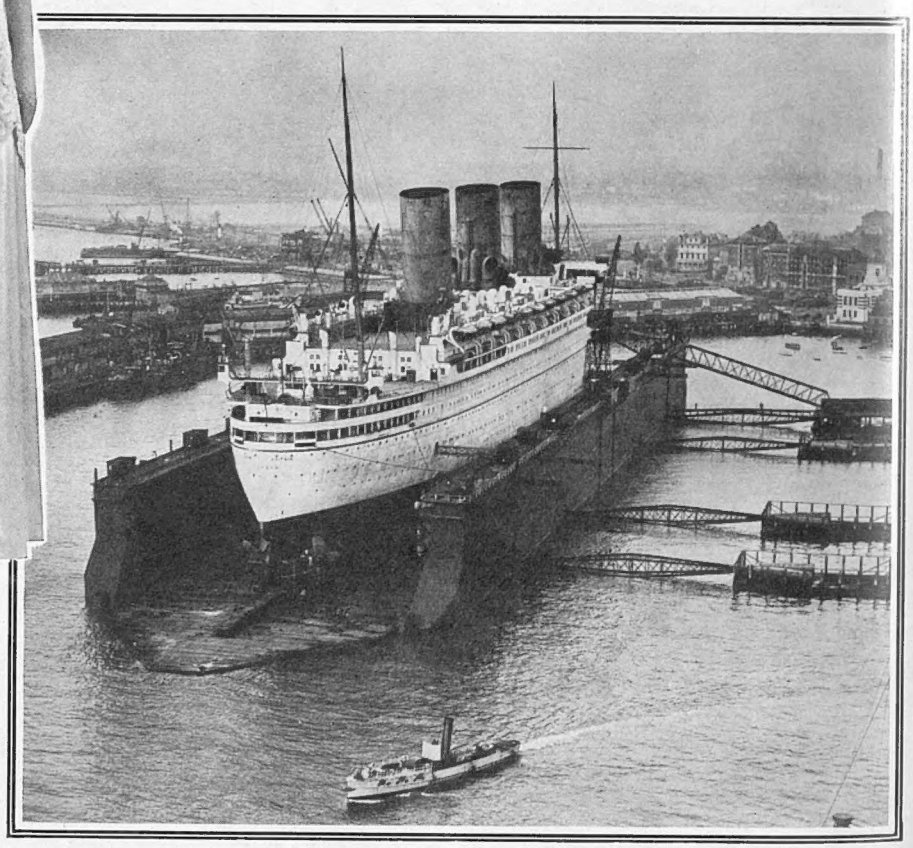
CHARLIE CHAPLIN is still in London and is in high spirits over his scenario about Napoleon—a new character for comedians who usually aspire to play Hamlet! Although Chaplin prefers to dine in private than in public, he is seen almost everywhere, and the other night he visited that popular place, the Bobbin.

Hay Wrightson

THE COUNTESS OF CARRICK

Whose husband succeeded to the Earldom on the death in Florida recently of his father, the seventh Earl. She is the daughter of Mr. Daniel C. Donoghue, of Philadelphia, and was married last year

THE illness of Mrs. James Rutland was thought at first to be appendicitis, but happily it has turned out to be nothing more serious than gastric 'flu, though that is unpleasant enough in all conscience. Meantime, her husband is staying with his father-in-law, Lord Ashfield, for whom he runs the Green Line service of omnibuses, and in his business capacity has just bought some of Lord Jersey's land near Osterley Park.



The giant luxury liner, Empress of Britain, seen in her floating dock at Southampton, where she has been undergoing a thorough overhaul preparatory to her round-the-world cruise. An army of workmen completed the task of overhauling and repainting her in the record time of forty-eight hours

ENGAGEMENTS IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE CENOTAPH CEREMONY
Cunliffe-Lister, Mr. J. H. Thomas, Sir John Simon, Lord Hailsham, Sir Herbert Samuel, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, figures on the right of the second row are Lord Londonderry and Mr. George Lansbury, the Leader of the Opposition

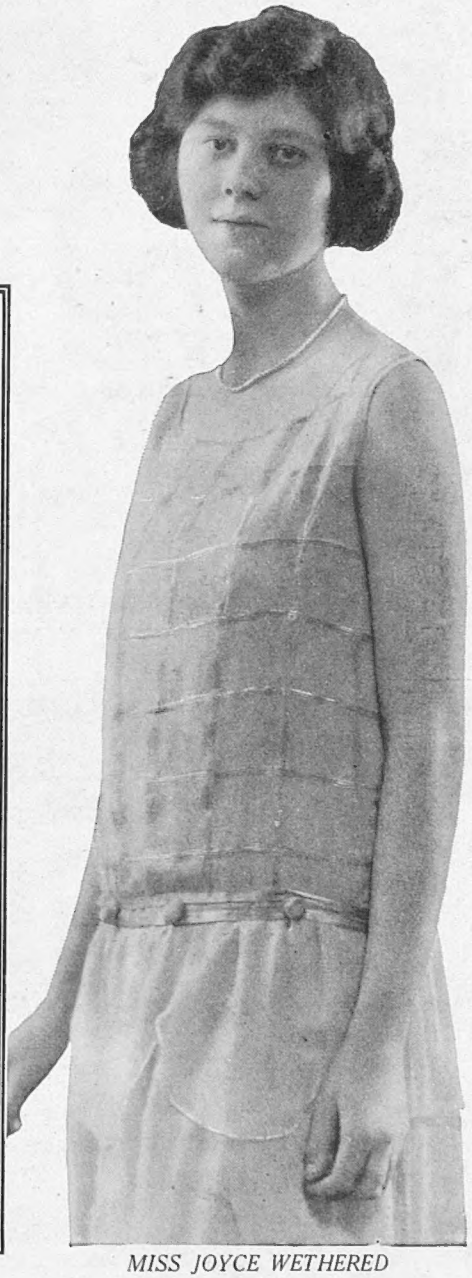
IN these days, when the French Riviera as a resort is being discouraged, those who cannot face the damp and perhaps bleak winter in town are wondering what coastal resorts are most favourable. I think Bournemouth is difficult to beat owing to its mildness of climate, its protection from north and east winds, its lovely walks in the pine woods in the middle of the town, its golf courses, and other amenities. Among these, too, one must not be unjust to English hotels.

THERE are in London at least a dozen which are more than equal to the best on the Continent, and if all seaside resorts do not attain to the same degree of perfection, there are, in Bournemouth, a number of very well-appointed hotels which also have the merit of not being too expensive. I stayed last week-end at Branksome Tower Hotel, situated at Branksome Chine, with gardens and pine woods stretching for many acres, with its own private beach, and possessing also a squash court and other up-to-date amenities (including a free garage) which cannot be too highly commended.

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL, in fact, brings the Riviera to the South Coast. A large number of well-known people were staying there, including the Roumanian Minister and his staff, and if the accusation is levelled against our hotels that there is nothing doing at nights, I can state from my own knowledge that here there was a dinner dance on Saturday night and also on Sunday. With the many other attractions at Bournemouth, what more can anyone want?

AT the Ski Club dinner the other night there was a general atmosphere of quiet determination to go out to Switzerland this winter despite the financial situation. Most of the members, though, only propose to go for a very short time. One of the more astute Swiss hotel-keepers has

Mr. G. Lyttleton Rogers, the tall Irish lawn tennis International, with his fiancée, Miss Marjorie Schiele. Mr. Lyttleton Rogers always shines on the Riviera courts, and he and his fiancée will probably play in many mixed doubles in the tournaments there



MISS JOYCE WETHERED
The finest woman golfer of the age, whose engagement has been announced to Major Cecil K. Hutchison, who is also well known in the golfing world

THE GROWING POPULARITY OF ICE HOCKEY

promised to invest every penny that he gets from his clients, which can be paid down in advance, in English securities. In this way no English money will leave the country, and the would-be ski-er will not feel unduly unpatriotic about his holiday, even though he spends it abroad.

S

ENGLAND'S ice hockey team seems to have a difficult time in front of it with matches against France, Liverpool and Oxford, as well as against Czecho-Slovakia. Great efforts are being made to popularise ice hockey at the public schools, and there seems no good reason why headmasters should look askance at it. It is a strenuous game, calling for initiative, speed and teamwork. It is not a soft-ball game like lawn tennis, and would kill time very well in the Easter term whenever there is too much snow on the ground for football. It would also keep the boys fit.

S

IN the so-called League Matches among the ice-hockey teams, Prince's leads the field with twenty-two goals "for" and only one "against"; Oxford University is joint second with the London Lions; and Cambridge University comes eighth, and last, with a total of twenty-seven goals against them, and not one shot by their own side.

Major A. G. Salisbury-Jones, Coldstream Guards, and Mrs. Guy Yerburgh leaving the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after their wedding last week. The bride, who is the widow of Major Guy Yerburgh, Irish Guards, is the daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady de Bunsen

S

ALL kinds of attractive china, including eight really costly sets, are going to be given as prizes to the guests at the Porcelain Ball in the new ballroom at Claridge's on November 24. Wedgwood, Crown Derby, Minton's, Royal Worcester, Doulton's, Copeland, Cauldon and Coalport are among the firms giving presents, and you cannot say fairer than that. Moreover, Argentina, the dancer, who had such a success at the Adelphi last season, is coming over exclusively for the ball.

S

THERE is also going to be a Golf Ball next month. It sounds like a pun, but it is the brilliant idea of St. Mary's Hospital. It is to take place at Grosvenor House,

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

The going was soft when BRITISH SAILOR finished third in the Great Yorkshire Handicap, (1 mile 6 furlongs 132 yards) at Doncaster in September. Wearing blinkers, he and Isfandiar (the winner) disputed the lead most of the way. On this performance I stand BRITISH SAILOR for an each way bet for the last big handicap of the season.

During the last few days of flat-racing, note "springers" in the market.

TRUNCHEON should stay every yard of the Derby Cup course, and should be supported.

TREMINNIE is to be put to jumping. She is a big filly and should win races.

NUST has been well galloped at home, and has accepted for the Chesterfield Nursery at Derby.

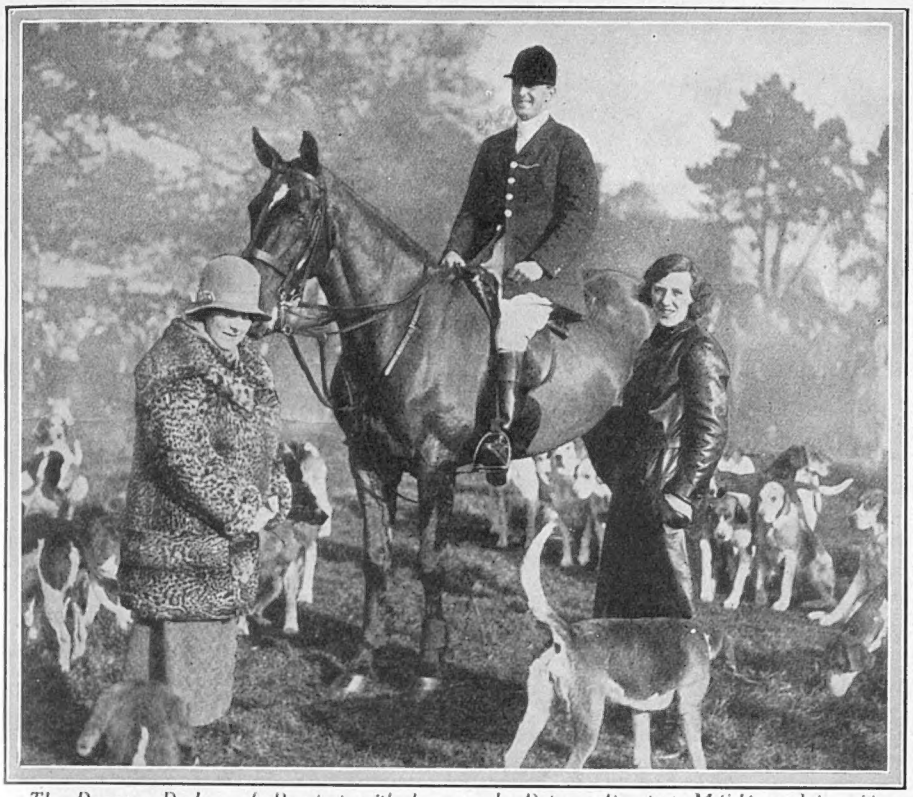
MR. BERTRAM has been treated very leniently by the handicapper at Derby and Manchester. Three handicap victories off the real earlier in the season show that he can move a bit. Worth an interest.

IRON RATION is expected to score at Derby. Another likely nursery winner at Derby is SALMON REACH, who ran extremely well at Lingfield.

A LONDON COUTURIER'S MANNEQUIN ENTERPRISE

London couturiers have a great chance to capture the fashions market from Paris and much enterprise has been shown by Madame Humphrey, who recently staged a cocktail party, at her firm's premises, 28, Berkeley Square, where the above photographs were taken. On the left, one of the mannequins is seen showing a frock; musical-comedy actress, is seen dancing for the guests, and, on the right, Binnie Hale, who was so impressed by the show, which resulted in many orders, that trying it on at the conclusion of the parade

HUNTING OCCASIONS IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND



The Dowager Duchess of Beaufort with her son, the Duke of Beaufort, M.F.H., and her elder daughter, Lady Blanche Douglas, at a meet of the Beaufort, held at Newton Lodge, Gloucester. The King has appointed the Duke of Beaufort to be Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire in place of the Earl of Beauchamp, who has resigned

and the Hartley Brothers, Major Hutchison (who has just become engaged to Miss Joyce Wethered), Miss Molly Gourlay, and Miss Fishwick, are all on the committee. No doubt we shall be able to see distinguished golfers in tail coats and white waistcoats strenuously driving into practice nets.

very bright and original show, which included a in the centre, Mimi Crawford, the well-known she promptly chose an evening coat, is seen

A RECENT WEDDING

Mrs. Glen Kidston, widow of the famous airman, seen leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, last week after her wedding to Mr. Edmund C. R. Sheffield, a son of Sir Berkeley Sheffield

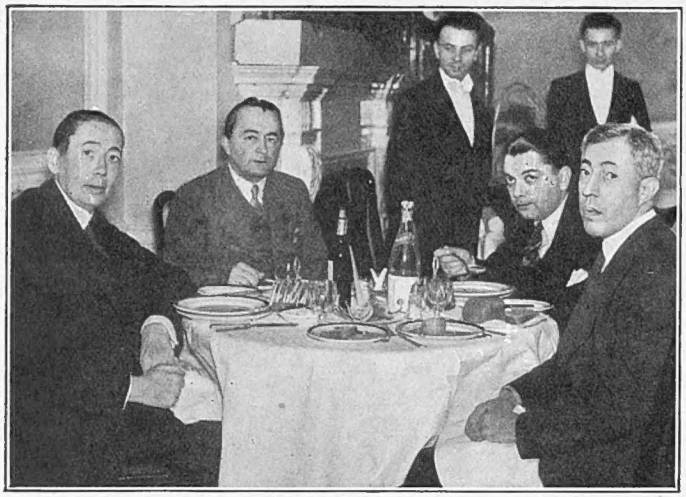
MISS BARBARA ANSTRUTHER-GOUGH-CALTHORPE

Whose engagement has been announced to the Hon. Ian St. John Lawson-Johnston, the elder son of Lord and Lady Luke, of Pavenham. She is the youngest daughter of Sir FitzRoy and the Hon. Lady Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe

As I cannot devote the whole of these notes to charity affairs, it is possible only to indicate briefly the plans for the Best of Everything Dinner Ball and Pageant, which is taking place on November 25 at the Park Lane Hotel, with Jack Harris's Embassy Band. Lord Moynihan is going to speak; Lady Carisbrooke will receive the guests; and the 25*s.* tickets include British drinks like whisky and beer.

One is always interested to hear the latest travellers' tales from America. A man I know who has

AMERICA AND THE DRINK QUESTION



BRINGING THE RIVIERA TO BOURNEMOUTH

With its wonderfully mild and healthy winter climate, Bournemouth is attracting more and more visitors, who find health and fitness among its pine woods and sea breezes. The two photographs above, taken recently at the Branksome Tower Hotel, show some of the many visitors to this town. On the left are seen some notable foreign guests, namely, M. N. Titulescu, the Roumanian Minister, M. G. Constantinescu, the noted inventor, M. C. Visoianu, the League of Nations delegate, and M. D. Ciotori, of the Roumanian Consulate. On the right, Lieut.-Colonel V. D. Stenhouse and his party are to be seen

Theatrical folk obviously find Bournemouth a jolly place in which to recuperate from Thespian labours, as witness the above cheerful group showing Mrs. Sidney Howard, Mrs. Percy Taylor, Miss Turner and Mr. Sydney Howard, the famous stage and screen comedian

Photographs by Sasha

Another photograph taken at the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth. Mr. Elliot and his party are seen at the coffee and cigarette stage after dinner

just returned tells me that everyone plays four-ball matches, and even in "friendlies" each player takes a card and pencil and puts down his score. One man may have played seven and still be in the bunker when the others have holed out in five, but he will still plod on. The result is that it always takes about three and a half hours to go round.

S

GOOD gin, I hear, is one dollar seventy-five cents a bottle, which, even at the present rate of exchange, is less than it is over here. The Central Park Casino is the gayest place in New York, with Morton Downey at the piano. Napoleon brandy, drunk with soda water, top-

Lady Forres, whose husband has succeeded to the title on the death of his father, the first Baron. She was formerly Miss Jessie Harford, being the daughter of the late Mr. W. A. Harford, of Petty France, Badminton, and married Lord Forres in 1918

ping off three bottles of Veuve Clicquot, 1921, was the liquid refreshment of one party of four the other night. But I must not encroach on our New York letter.

S

THE Duke of York attended the Leicester Repository on Saturday, when six of his hunters came under the hammer, his Royal Highness having decided not to hunt this season, writes our hunting correspondent. Hildebrand fetched the top price, and was sold to Major G. P. Moode for 260 guineas. Flycatcher was bought by Mr. J. R. Upson at 120 guineas. Colonel Heathcote secured Lonely Nights at a similar figure. Happy Days went to Mr. W. E. Stokes for 110 guineas. Field Marshal became the property of the

ROYALTY AND HUNTING

Their Majesties attended the British Legion's annual Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall on Armistice Day evening, and are seen above in the Royal box intently watching the proceedings. Included in the party are the Prince of Wales, who received them on their arrival, the Duchess of York and Prince Arthur of Connaught

IT is a thousand pities that the two chief—and, incidentally, hardest worked—fox-hunters in the Empire should be debarred by the exigencies of the times from riding to hounds this season. I speak of the Prince of Wales and his brother, the Duke of York, who were wont, in past seasons, to seek relaxation and healthful exercise in the hunting field from the trying and strenuous duties of State. It is to be sincerely hoped, however, that both Royal sportsmen may again be seen with their favourite packs well before the advent of the "stinkin' violets."

IT seemed strange to see that keen hunting woman and ex-M.F.H., Mrs. L. Owen Taylor, "on wheels," in lieu of a good hunter, at the recent opening meet of the South Notts Hounds. Mrs. Taylor, who is, of course, sister to Sir Harold Bowden, of Bestwood Lodge, Notts, joined Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey in the Mastership of the South Notts at the commencement of hunting in 1928, and retired at the finish of last season, thus leaving Mr. Filmer-Sankey in sole command. The latter hunts hounds himself and has, since the opening fixture, shown good sport to big fields. Both scent and going have improved in most Midland hunting counties, thanks to a good downfall of rain, and not a few packs have experienced rattling good hunting of late, including Lord Harrington's and the Rufford.

Yevonde

THE HON. DAPHNE STRUTT

The only daughter of Lord Rayleigh, whose marriage to Lord Acton will take place next Wednesday, November 25. The ceremony will be held privately and will be followed by a reception at Seaford House, Belgrave Square

Hay Wrightson

MISS JEAN SIMPSON-BAIKIE

Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Morley Kennerley, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Kennerley, of Park Avenue, New York. She is the only daughter of the late Brigadier-General Sir Hugh Simpson-Baikie and of Lady Simpson-Baikie

Hay Wrightson

LADY VERONICA BLACKWOOD

Whose engagement to Mr. Anthony Hornby is expected to be announced shortly, is the only sister of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. Her father, the late Marquess, was killed in the air disaster at Meopham last year

Hon. W. Astor at one hundred and forty-five guineas. Little Lady was purchased by Mrs. Caversham-Simonds for two hundred and ten guineas.

"In view of the present shortage of first-class hunters these prices are but moderately good," writes a Midland hunting correspondent who was present at the auction.

A WORD TO THE WISE

The BYSTANDER Special Christmas Number will be on sale on Nov. 27. Packed from cover to cover with all that is best and brightest in Literature and Art, it interprets the age-old spirit of Yuletide through the eyes of 1931. Ethel Mannin, D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Eric Linklater are but three of the many famous contributors to this number, which will be at your disposal on

NOVEMBER 27

for the modest sum of

TWO SHILLINGS.

LADY DIANA WELLESLEY *Lenare*

Who is among the recent debutantes. The half-sister of Earl Cowley, who is well known on the stage as Arthur Wellesley, she is the daughter of the late Earl and of Clare Countess Cowley

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-two-three . . . hello . . . hello, Baa . . . how are you, my sweet? . . . I can quite believe it. . . . George always was a most exhausting person. . . . What a busy week, too. . . . How lovely Mary Howe looked at the opening of Parliament. . . . I love her in white. . . . Georgina Curzon is attractive, but Mary would win my vote every time. . . . There are several mothers who, in my opinion, can knock spots off their grown-up daughters. . . . Kathleen Drogheda, for one . . . Lady Patricia Moore has her mother's brains but scarcely yet her charm and wit. . . . Gladys Cooper, for another. . . . Joan Buckmaster is a dear, and is herself one of her mother's most ardent fans. . . .

ERMINE has come into its own again, hasn't it, Baa? . . . Yards of it everywhere. . . . Princess Jean de Faucigny-Lucinge . . . who we know much better as Baba d'Erlanger, has a complete shirt-front effect of it on a black dress and cuffs to match . . . very chic . . . but oh! one must eat so carefully. . . . Nellie Taylor has a tiny black ermine coat, which is amusing. . .

* * *

HAVE you met Lady Veronica Blackwood? . . . She is rather strange to look at, with an attraction which grows upon one . . . her face is very white and her mouth is very red . . . she is definitely a personality . . . and has lovely feet and ankles . . . her fiancé, Anthony Hornby, is very intelligent . . . and, naturally, they are terribly happy. . . .

* * *

AT a certain mews-flat cocktail party the other evening . . . two people were reunited after a separation of over three months . . . personally, I think our hostess's cocktail had much to do with it. . . . Black velvet is more fashionable than ever this winter, it always has an autumn vogue. . . . Margaret Whigham has it covered with red lace flowers . . . which give the effect of a rich and rare carpet. . . . Needless to say, she looks lovely in it All the debs. copy her, and we are faced with the thought of endless lovelies all more or less imitation "Margarets."

* * *

I'VE been in the country, Baa . . . and oh! the cold of some houses. . . . Lady Minto is one of the best-dressed country women I know . . . she has sponsored the very fully pleated tweed skirt and never wears anything else . . . also, contrary to most of us . . . she prefers a trimmed felt hat. . . . I hate exaggerated tweeds like someone we all know . . . who has to be button-hooked into hers. . . .

* * *

ALSO definitely I don't like the fashionable tricorne hat except in London. . . . Helen Dashwood tells me that she thinks them so becoming that she cannot bear to order any other shape for any occasion. . . . Helen has very definite ideas . . . so I expect I am wrong and she is right. . . . My dear, the most lovely creature is taking London by storm, she is very tall and very dark, with huge eyes . . . her name is Hilary Childs . . . all my boy friends rave about her, and we are all too jealous.

* * *

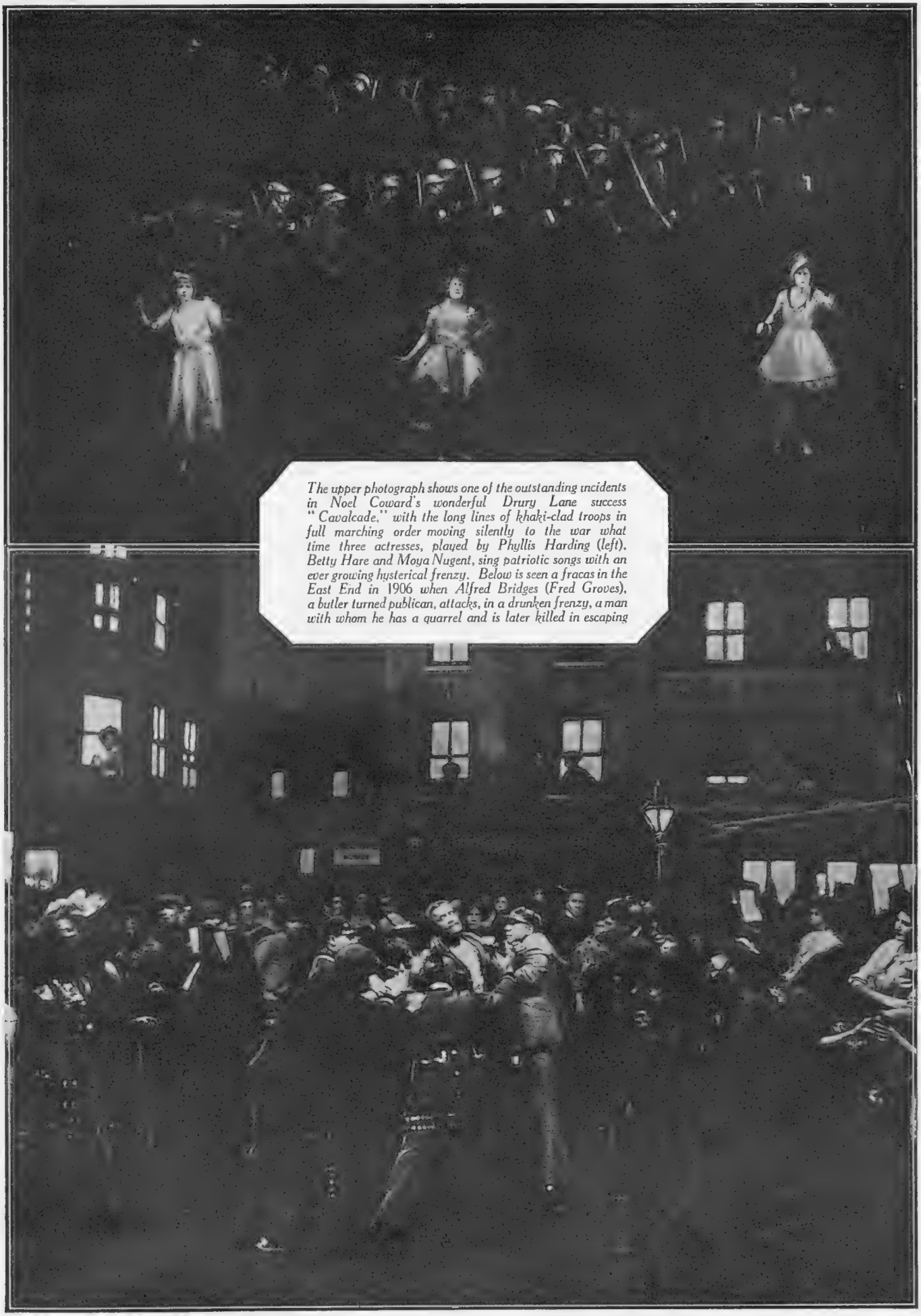
HAVE you heard about the broken engagement of a very sweet little thing? . . . she has given him back his ring and all his presents . . . really, what are our girls coming to! . . .

* * *

THE Café de Paris is the haunt of all the bright young things these days, where Viola Tree performs curious antics and gets great applause. . . . By the way, talking of the brightest, Charles Baillie-Hamilton has returned from his cure . . . so thin that it is hard to recognise him. . . . There are cocktail parties and more cocktail parties, Baa, but no one can afford food for their friends . . . so we starve but never go thirsty. . . . Everyone is talking of Christmas presents, so I declare here and now I want bracelets like Gertie Lawrence's; pearls like Mary Blandford's . . . emeralds like Florence de Pena's . . . a Rolls-Royce like Doris Castlerosse's; clothes like Betty de Pret-Rosse's . . . so wonderfully dressed . . . and a young man like . . . but, no, Baa —I shan't tell you . . . adieu. . . .

Mrs. A. G. McCorquodale (well known under her pen name of Barbara Cartland) wishes us to state that she has no connection whatsoever with this page, and we much regret if she has been inconvenienced by any ill-founded rumour to that effect. —EDITOR, BYSTANDER.

TWO DRAMATIC SCENES IN "CAVALCADE"



The upper photograph shows one of the outstanding incidents in Noel Coward's wonderful Drury Lane success "Cavalcade," with the long lines of khaki-clad troops in full marching order moving silently to the war what time three actresses, played by Phyllis Harding (left), Betty Hare and Moya Nugent, sing patriotic songs with an ever growing hysterical frenzy. Below is seen a fracas in the East End in 1906 when Alfred Bridges (Fred Groves), a butler turned publican, attacks, in a drunken frenzy, a man with whom he has a quarrel and is later killed in escaping

AT THE PLAY

ON DRAMATIC CRITICS AND

SKETCHES OF "THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND," AT THE AMBASSADORS THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

"The Queen's Husband" tells of incidents in the life of a King who didn't count for much. He never exerted his authority and preferred to play draughts with his footman to looking after affairs of State. Above shows Phipps (Lambert Larking) the footman, returning to find that in his absence he has lost the game to the King, whose daughter (Barbara Wilcox) looks on

BETWEEN the two extremes of futility and first-class there are plays which are neither one nor the other, and it seems to me that these are sometimes treated rather harshly by my brother critics. One such, entitled *Make Up Your Mind*, by Leopold Marchand, adapted by Xenia Lowinsky, has lately been put on at the Criterion for a run, and of this the dramatic critic of a London daily remarked: "I reviewed *Make Up Your Mind* when it was given at the Arts Theatre . . . I did not expect to have to do so again, for, frankly, I cannot understand why it was thought worth while to bring it to the Criterion Theatre last night."

WHY this lofty contempt for an unpretentious play which, though no masterpiece, is quite good entertainment? I don't suppose that either author or adapter had any illusions about their work, which is neither high-brow nor slap-stick, but which, unlike most farces, possesses a fairly original idea, and is written brightly, without dragging in jokes which deserve old-age pensions.

THAT this play has not attracted the public proves nothing. It was far more intelligent, amusing, and original than many pieces which have had far longer runs, and there was some really good acting in it. Baliol Holloway, Hubert Harben, and Reginald Gardiner, who is one of the best light-character comedians now on the stage, were all admirable, and as even the cleverest actors cannot make bricks without the dramatist providing straw, this proves that the comedy possessed some worth.

THE length of a run, however, has little to do with a play's merits. One of the best which has ever come from America was off in about ten nights. This was *The Road to Rome*. I thought at the time that this was due to its being a satire—a form of humour not beloved of the playgoing public; but later successes have

The Socialists (Stafford Hilliard and Paul Gill) on left, are seen having a quiet chat with the Army Party (Reginald Bach and Claude Haviland-Burke) to the amusement of the King (Barry Jones) centre. The Queen (Grace Lane), who wears the breeches, undepicted in the picture, is in the foreground on the right

OTHER MATTERS — By Vernon Woodhouse

The King (Barry Jones) exemplifies the old proverb that even a worm will turn—if you only keep it long enough!—and is here seen at long last exercising his authority and administering to his ministers (Claude Haviland-Burke and Reginald Bach) a reminder that their seats are not safe

altered my opinion, and now I am at a loss to understand why English audiences stayed away in such innumerable quantities.

ONE of the successes which has changed my opinion is *The Queen's Husband* at the Ambassadors, which, strangely enough, is by the same Sherwood Anderson who wrote *The Road to Rome*. This comedy, illustrated by H. H. Harris on these pages, is also a satire, but it is drawing crowded houses, though played, as to the principal character, by an actor, Barry Jones, who was previously quite unknown to London! Who, after this, will dare to say that the stage is not something of a lottery?

THE truth is that no one can say with absolute assurance what will, or will not, be a success. Even Gladys Cooper seems to agree, for in "Gladys Cooper" (Cassell, 12*s.* 6*d.*), just published, which contains a good number of remarks likely to ruffle certain susceptibilities, she modestly says, "I sometimes wonder whether I would be as successful in choosing plays for someone else as I have been for myself," and then qualifies this by adding: "No one can be *certain* of suiting the public taste." So even Miss Cooper cannot be absolutely sure!

I JOIN issue with this actress when she suggests that there was never a bad play running that was boomed into a lasting success. There is one, of little account now, to be seen in the West End, which is not running on its merits, but because it was boosted as smutty; and playgoers, women especially, are attracted by the pornographic. It isn't particularly; but they hoped for the—worst!

ANOTHER theatrical book just published is "Acting" (Cassell, 5*s.*), by Seymour Hicks. Described as a book for amateurs, it should possess a wider appeal, for it imparts instruction on the actor's art in a most amusing way, and will be appreciated by many who cannot act, do not want to act, and could never be induced to try.

SOME of Seymour Hicks's "dont's," which are included in the last chapter, appear to apply even more to the professional than the amateur; thus:

"*Don't* get photographed more than twice a day, and, for choice, not driving a motor car; or people will know you are out of an engagement."

"*Don't*, under any circumstances, ever answer your critics. They have many more pens and much more ink than you have."

THIS advice has not been followed by Gladys Cooper, who cheerily remarks "that most of them (the critics) know nothing about the theatre"! Incidentally, this is also an attack upon editors for employing incompetents! Why this actress dislikes the Press so much I am at a loss to understand, for it has always done full justice to the many fine performances she has given. V. W.

A marriage of State for the Princess (Barbara Wilcox) with a neighbouring Royalty (Maurice Colbourne, left) is also kyboshed by the King, who arranges a morganatic marriage with the man she truly loves (Robert Mawdesley). This sketch was drawn before she realised that she was not to be sacrificed in the cause of politics, hence these tears

A NEW YORK NOCTURNE

A birds-eye view of New York by night looking towards the North-West across the Hudson River. The bright spot in the upper right-hand corner, is Broadway

NEW YORK'S GAIETIES

By William Powell

It is difficult to realise I am about to write a letter which has to cross the Atlantic before it reaches London—because to-day I feel as if I were actually in the West End. I have just returned to my desk after lunching in the restaurant of the Elysée Hotel, one of our smart smaller hostelries which is very popular with English people. If an autograph hound had been at the Elysée with me a rich harvest could have been reaped at one fell swoop. In the lounge and the dining-room I ran into many Londoners, including Lady Tichborne, Mrs. Somerset Maugham and her daughter Liza, as well as Marie Löhr, who also has her daughter over here with her. I caught sight of Tallulah, who has been living at the Elysée for months, and I found her looking lovely as ever and seeming very fit. John Van Druten and Auriol Lee were there, as well as any number of Britons who live in New York and belong to the British Commonwealth Club, which has its headquarters in the Elysée. The members use the hotel restaurant, and wise they are, for the cuisine is excellent and better than that provided by most club stewards. Max Herring, the manager, is quite a well-known character about town. He swops yarns with his guests and treats them in the cordial fashion of landlords in old-time inns.

Lady (Bradford) Leslie give a unique party a few nights ago at her apartment on Fifth Avenue. She called it a Woolworth Party, the idea being to entertain economically in the spirit of the times. Paper napkins and tablecloths were used instead of the usual lace and fine linen, and her one hundred and twenty-five guests served themselves, lackeys being dispensed with. The supper, however, was not of the breadline variety, for the buffet table groaned with four baked hams, two roast turkeys, a hundred and fifty patties filled with creamed mushrooms, ten pounds of Gruyère cheese, and stacks of thin slices of fresh rye bread. Vera Kitchener, the composer, accompanied Mabel Zoeckler, who entertained the guests with her unique songs of the Hebrides.

While you have been in the turmoil of elections we in New York have been mostly occupied with discussing and attending (and it takes a long time to do so) Eugene O'Neill's latest opus, *Mourning Becomes Electra*. This trilogy, inspired by the Electra of Æschylus, was presented by the Theatre Guild at its own theatre before as distinguished and intellectual an audience as New York can recollect. This vast O'Neill canvas has been received with universal praise—praise not only for the author, but for the production and acting. Like its predecessor, *Strange Interlude*, the new O'Neill piece began at five in the afternoon, when *Homecoming*, the first of the plays, was presented. The production of *Electra* is arranged so that there is an hour and a quarter for dinner, after which the remaining two plays, *The Hunted* and *The Haunted*, are performed. Restaurants and speak-easies in the neighbourhood of the Guild Theatre are rejoicing over the success of the show, as they are counting on the patronage of the crowded houses which will undoubtedly flock to the Guild Theatre for many months. On the opening night I noticed—and was not surprised to find—that many of the

(Continued on page 358)

THE PROPER ATMOSPHERE!

Ubiquitous Mayor Jimmie Walker, of New York, provides a little local colour—and sound—in the shape of Highland pipers and drummers, when welcoming the famous Scottish inventor of Television, Mr. John L. Baird. They are seen standing together on the steps of the City Hall, before the Mayor launched forth into one of his inevitable felicitous speeches of welcome

PRIME MINISTER AT THE MANSION HOUSE

The brilliant scene at the Lord Mayor's Banquet at the Guildhall, showing the guests at the top table, with the famous gold plate behind. Reading from left to right: Miss Ishbel MacDonald, M. de Fleuriau (the French Ambassador), Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Sir Phené Neal (retiring Lord Mayor), Sir Maurice Jenks (the Lord Mayor), Lady Jenks and Lady Neal. Inset: The Prime Minister is seen talking to Sir Phené Neal

if Gossip we must

THERE is one thing at least the National Government can do with its vast majority. It can give this country permission to behave as any other civilised country does and take a drink when it feels like it. In short, it can give us back our liberty, and with the enthusiastic endorsement of at least seven-eighths of the population. This would be not only a matter of principle, but a matter of business.

Walter Bird

A new photograph of that clever young actress, Peggy Cartwright, who, although seen in a restful pose, is not "resting" in the theatrical sense. She is, in fact, the leading lady in "For the Love of Mike," the comedy with songs which is packing the new Saville Theatre

IT is pathetic that we should have largely to rely on the fall of the pound to induce English people to spend their holidays and such spare time as they may have in English resorts. Most of them would do this as a matter of course if in those resorts they were allowed, within reasonable limits, to do as they pleased and to behave with at any rate some of the freedom enjoyed on the other side of the Channel.

Barbara Crosby, the dance hostess at the Café de Paris, is reintroducing the "Coqueta" to the West End. She has recently returned from India where she taught English society there the "Moochi"

YET one hears nothing of such matters from Mr. MacDonald or any of his colleagues. It may be early days for action, but the time is not too early for some sort of hint as to future policy in this direction. All that we hear is that the precious Licensing Commission "may issue its report before Christmas," having been deliberating for over two years—since Guy Fawkes Day, 1929.

AND even so the talk is not of fewer restrictions, but of more, with, in particular, stricter control of clubs, an infamous and insidious encroachment upon the liberty of the subject. There is a mention of "brighter and better public-houses," whatever that may mean. But what is the use of a brighter and better public-house if it is usually closed?

FROM the names of the Licensing Commission I cull at random the following: Mr. Gerald France (a temperance worker), the Rev. H. Carter (hon. secretary of the Temperance Council of the Churches), Mr. J. J. Mallon (Warden of Toynbee Hall), and Mrs. E. Barton (Co-operative Women's Guild). Honest and sincere people, I do not doubt. But I strenuously deny their right to attempt to force their honest convictions on millions who are equally honest in holding opinions of a precisely opposite type. The only fair way of deciding when we shall or when we shall not be allowed to buy a drink is to have a referendum about it.

BY CHICOT

"I always say, Major, that one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives"

"Don't reproach yourself for that, madam, you do your best!"

A MAMMOTH PRODUCTION

The vestibule of the Grand Hotel brilliantly portrayed on the stage of the Adelphi Theatre in a scene from the dramatised version of the novel of that name by the young German writer, Viki Baum. An enormous cast lends an appropriate touch of the hurry and bustle which are all part of the make-up of a great caravanserai

One of Italia Conti's little pupils rehearsing in Richmond Park for the forthcoming Christmas revival of "Where the Rainbow Ends." This children's play is a second "Peter Pan" in its unchanging popularity

THE marvel is that our seaside places and health resorts generally carry on as well as they do, with the dice so heavily loaded against them. Take, for instance, Bournemouth—an alluring spot with wonderful health-giving properties. I have just spent an enjoyable day or two at Bournemouth, and have been impressed by its possibilities if only it were given a fair chance. As it is, there is plenty doing (including a supper-dance at one of the best hotels on a Sunday night!) and a visit is well worth while for its own sake.

THERE are plenty of towns dotted all round the south coast—what has come to be known as "the English Riveria" is particularly pleasant—only waiting for the word "go" to develop into flourishing resorts which would not only keep money in England, but might even attract the foreigner. All this has to be cramped because of cranks who like to tyrannise. This country may be ruled in theory by the will of the majority. In practice it is well under the thumb of a minority, and a small minority at that.

ANOTHER MAMMOTH PRODUCTION

Is Noel Coward's wonderful play, "Cavalcade," at Drury Lane. Above is seen Una O'Connor, one of the principals, in the starched cuffs and collar and flowing ribbons beloved of the domestic servant of the not-too-distant past

WHENEVER a wave of pessimism creeps over me at the thought that England is becoming a place of cinema-ridden half-wits; that our English language is now but one of many American dialects; that most things are cheap and nasty (except

MORE ECONOMY!

The European edition of the "Chicago Daily Tribune" states that, owing to the business depression in the U.S.A., evening gowns are now out of fashion, and women are now wearing the same dress in the afternoon and evening. If this craze for sartorial economy spreads, we may see some funny results.

IF I take you to dine at the Ritz,
And you wear a tweed skirt and a jumper,
I shall not spring several fits,
For you aren't to blame, but the dumper,
Who throttles our Industries so
That you daren't run to models by Patou.
Yes, e'en though your kit
Is an ancient misfit,
I'll manage to overlook that, too!

If you turn up to supper one night,
At a party of mine at Quaglino's,
I won't let your clothes cast a blight
On our jauntings and make them "has-beanos."
What though you have put on the frock
Your grandmother once wore before you?
Your clothes won't appear
The least dowdy, my dear,
So do not be shy, I implore you.

If economy prompts you to dress
In naught but a sheet, à la Gandhi,
I promise that I will express
The view that you're looking "just dandy."
In fact, I'll not even complain
If your heart you still further should harden
To Fashion's appeal
And we take our next meal
With you looking like Eve in the Garden!

B. W.

those which are dear and nasty); something crops up to indicate that a certain national sturdiness remains. Within the last few days, for instance, I have seen four hundred benevolent butchers at feeding time, and a hunt ball and cabaret which would have served Cecil Aldin with models for a score of Christmas annuals.

THE wonderful thing about butchers — and these were the heads of the trade, the big noises of Smithfield—is that they look like butchers. Large, healthy men with ruddy faces and thick necks, who dine off saddle of mutton and boiled turbot, are vastly genial, listen to Gus Elen as an after-dinner entertainment, and put their hands in their pockets to the tune of thousands of pounds for charity. £20,000 was collected at one of these dinners, and although times have whittled this figure down a trifle, the going is pretty good still. I imagine that anyone who had arisen on such an occasion and preached the gospel of vegetarianism, or any other form of "ism" found between Mile End and Moscow, would have got it in the best end of the neck.

Bertram Park

BARBARA DIU

One of the Theatre's Bright Young People, and a very attractive one into the bargain. She is playing in that very successful musical show, "Viktoria and Her Hussar," at the Palace Theatre

HUNTING people have been fair game for humorists for a long time. For some reason it suits their book to take it for granted that intelligence and a good seat on a horse cannot possibly go together, and that a sense of humour is the exclusive property of certain corners of Bloomsbury and Hammersmith. I have usually found that irritating stupidity is not so much the mark of hunting people as of those who write technically about hunting matters. Be that as it may, I have just had a cheerful and very English evening with the Essex hunting crowd, who can run Melton Mowbray and Craven Lodge pretty close in every sporting respect. Not the least amusing point about this gathering at Down Hall (of which Mrs. Calverley, who owns Hoppners as well as "leppers," is the very kindly hostess) is that it was much more like *Tantivy Towers* than *Tantivy Towers* itself ever could be. Not even in that play did a sexagenarian ex-M.F.H., in all solemnity,

M. de Fleuriau, the French Ambassador, in his study at Albert Gate, presenting the diploma of Officer of the Legion of Honour to Mr. W. L. Warden. Now the Managing Editor of the "Daily Mail," Mr. Warden was until recently the Director-General of the Continental "Daily Mail" in Paris

sobriety, and a pink dress coat, stand on his head for the space of a minute in the good cause.

MR. FRANK GILBEY, a leading member of the hunt, made the wittiest speech of the evening; the Master, Mr. Ben Hoare, and his charming wife were in great form; a large party of cheery folk came over from the neighbouring and ancient Colville Hall, and Sir Walter de Stopham Barttelot, Bart, was at the head of a

BY WILSON FLEMMING

BORED CADDIE: "I reckon 'e's been readin' that there notice stuck up in the club'ouse—'Treat the greens as you would yer billiard table'!"

The fall in the value of the pound has enabled the Gramophone Company to compete successfully with Belgian manufacturers, for it is now possible to sell exported goods at competitive prices. Above are seen workmen loading up a lorry with His Master's Voice products, destined for the Belgian market, at the Gramophone Company's factory at Hayes, Middlesex

contingent of young Coldstream Guards officers from Warley Barracks. Mr. Charlie Hayes, Mr. Billy Leonard, and Miss Mimi Crawford contributed to the entertainment, and there was a lot of talk about wire—whether the sort that is found in hedges or that which goes over champagne corks I was too occupied in learning to make appropriate hunting noises—not easy for a layman—to discover.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, having valiantly struggled through a Sunday symphony concert, amid rising enthusiasm and a risen temperature, had to cancel his appearance at one on the following night and succumb to 'flu. As I write reports are favourable.

Sir Thomas is a tireless worker, his collars wilt when his soul is in his conducting, and concert halls are draughty places. He is the greatest man at his job we have, for all his eccentricities, and at his best is well on the Toscanini level. What he has done in the last few months with the London Symphony Orchestra is nothing short of marvellous. So he must take care of himself. Nowadays the number of men in this country who can reach his level is not so great that we can afford to have him on the sick list for a lengthy period.

WHEN he is thoroughly well I trust Sir Thomas will tackle in earnest the delicate business of an amalgamation with Covent Garden, for this amalgamation is the only thing which will silence the dissension and petty spite now doing so much harm to the progress, and even the establishment of opera in this country. Which of the two parties will be like the young lady of Riga, and which like the tiger on which she rode, remains to be seen. The important thing is that the introduction must take place. Perhaps there will be no swallowing after all, and the young lady and the tiger will walk along side by side in friendly and laborious usefulness.

JEANNETTE MACDONALD

The film star who, during her recent visit to England, made at the Kingsway Hall two double-sided records for His Master's Voice. For one record she sang "Pardon, Madame," and "Good Night," the waltz hits out of "Viktoria and Her Hussar," and for the other she sang "Dear, when I Met You" and "Reviens." Miss Macdonald, whose voice lends itself admirably to mechanical reproduction, is starting in a new Fox film, "Oh, For a Man," in which Reginald Denny plays male lead

VICTORIAN DEMURENESS

Miss Joan Craven, the well-known photographer, was a member of the Young People's Committee who gave a cabaret at the Three Hundred Ball. This took place at Claridge's on Friday last

ANCIENT AND MODERN ON THE TALKIES:

George Arliss, the famous English actor, in the name-part of his latest talkie, "Alexander Hamilton," to be shown in this country, with Doris Kenyon, who fills another of the leading rôles. He is part-author of this production, for he wrote the stage play, "Hamilton," on which the talkie is founded, in collaboration with Mrs. Mary Hamlin

The London of the late 'Nineties is revived in the new the A. A. Milne play of that name. Edna Best, who the staid surroundings

Claudette Colbert in a scene from "Secrets of a Secretary," the talkie recently presented at the Plaza. The title is the worst thing about this Paramount film, which has a well-knit plot containing many exciting incidents

Burton Churchill and Claudette Colbert in another scene from the new talkie, "Secrets of a Secretary." Herbert Marshall, the English stage and film actor, stars in this talkie, which is excellently produced

AN EPIC OF ROYAL NAVAL HEROISM

Gainsborough talkie, "Michael and Mary," adapted from with her husband, Herbert Marshall, plays lead, is seen in of the British Museum

Part of the entrapped crew of the rammed submarine struggling desperately to close the bulkhead against the inrush of water in a thrilling scene from "Men Like These . . . !" which opened at the Regal last week. This wonderful B.I.P. picture is based on the tragedy of the sinking of the Poseidon in Chinese waters, and the subsequent escape of many of the crew

Above: The Chief Petty Officer (left), admirably played by Sidney Seaward, who assumes command of the imprisoned ratings, calms a nerve-tortured member of the crew after the compartment has been flooded to reduce the pressure of water on the hatch, which is their one means of escape, and on the left members of the submarine crew are seen being rescued after they have reached the surface safely. Walter Summers directed this great picture, in the making of which the Admiralty gave full co-operation

The Middlesex Hospital "Smoker," which took place at the Queen's Hall last Friday, November 13, was—notwithstanding the date—a great success. Above are seen impressions of the energetic committee

"BARRICADE"

(With apologies to Drury Lane's "Cavalcade")

"In spite of all our national troubles, it's still a pretty exciting thing to be English." Mr. Noel Coward in his first-night speech after "Cavalcade."

PRODUCER'S NOTE: The following play is in seventy scenes.*

SCENE 1. *Mother is playing "God Save the King" on the harp, while Father takes "Land of Hope and Glory" on his cornet.*

MOTHER: I have got A flat.

FATHER: Well, it still sounds B sharp to me.

MOTHER (*unharping for a moment*): They are late. My boys are late. They have never been late on Christmas Eve before. Why have they not returned to their mother and their home?

FATHER: Anybody would think you were written by Chekov instead of Coward.

MOTHER: Where are my boys tonight?

* Numbered and reserved sleeping berths will be reserved for dramatic critics on demand. Please apply at the box office.

BLACK OUT.**

** Black outs by kind permission of Messrs. Day and Martin (who know a good boot when they see one).

SCENE 2.

Dover: Sailors, Customs officers, policemen, porters, passengers, boats, trains, and the rest. Designed by Mrs. Calthrop (who knows a Boat Train when she sees one) with material kindly lent by the Southern Railway.

CUSTOMS OFFICER (*addressing passenger*): What is this book?

PASSENGER: It is a piece of literature.

CUSTOMS OFFICER: No, it isn't; it's by D. H. Lawrence. It's a banned book. Police constable, arrest that man!

Chaos, confusion, BLACK OUT.

SCENE 3.

Mother is now playing "Land of Hope and Glory" on the cornet, while Father is playing "Rule, Britannia" on the harp. A maid enters to the tune of "Dolly Gray."

MAID: A telegram, sir.

FATHER (*reading*): "Regret impossible come arrested Dover being in possession Lady Chatterly's Lover your loving son Eric." Well, I'm——"

MOTHER: Hush, father; in spite of all our national troubles, it is still a pretty exciting thing to be English. Isn't it, dear?

BLACK OUT.

OWING TO PRESSURE OF SPACE THIRTY SCENES HAVE BEEN HELD OVER HERE.—*Producer.*

SCENE 34.—*Oxford Street: Policemen, pedestrians, motor cars, motor buses, flashing traffic signals, flashing jewels, flashing women—everything on the flash. All kindly lent by Mr. Selfridge (who knows a good play when he sees one).*

POLICEMAN: Hi! What are you stopping for?

DRIVER OF CAR: I—I wanted to get out. I want to go somewhere.

POLICEMAN: You can't do that here. Just come along to Marlborough Street.

BLACK OUT.

SCENE 35.—*Mother is playing "Alexander's Rag-time Band" on the piano. Father is resting. A maid enters to the tune of "Any Time's Kissing Time."*

MAID: A telegram, sir.

FATHER (*reading*): "Regret impossible come arrested Oxford Street loitering in car with intent to stop your loving son Henry." (*Exit maid.*)

MOTHER: And yet, in spite of all our national troubles, it still is a pretty exciting—— (*Re-enter maid.*)

MAID: A telegram, sir.

FATHER (*reading*): "Regret impossible come arrested buying acid drops after 8 p.m. your loving son Charlie."

MOTHER: In spite of all our national troubles——

FATHER: Can't you think of some other words to that song?

BLACK OUT.

OWING TO PRESSURE OF SPACE 33 SCENES HAVE BEEN HELD OVER HERE.—*Producer.*

SCENE 69.—*A night club. Niggers, champagne, beautiful women, handsome men. Whirling music, whirling dancers. By kind permission of Mrs. Kate Merrick (who knows a bottle of Bollinger when she sees one). Enter Scotland Yard.*

SCOTLAND YARD: That man's drinking gin and ginger. Arrest him.

BLACK OUT.

SCENE 70. *Mother is now playing "Rule, Britannia" on the harp, the piano, and the cornet. Father is sleeping. Enter a maid to the tune of "Half-Caste Woman."*

MAID: A telegram, sir.

FATHER (*reading*): "Regret impossible come arrested for drinking after hours your loving son Billy." (*Exit maid.*)

MOTHER: In spite of all our national troubles—— (*Re-enter maid to the tune of "Love for Sale."*)

MAID: Another telegram, sir.

FATHER (*reading*): "Regret impossible come arrested in possession Irish sweepstake ticket your loving son Edgar."

MOTHER: In spite of all our national troubles, it still is a pretty exciting thing to be English.

FATHER: Is that so? Well, I'm for a quiet week-end at Monte Carlo.

BLACK OUT.

RICHARD VINER.

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

THE RETURN OF EROS TO PICCADILLY

Back from his exile, young Eros, triumphant,
Shoots down the worries and troubles that irk us.
Love, Life and Laughter come hastening after—
On with the Motley, all's right with the Circus

G

Sasha

ANNE GREY

Who plays one of the leading parts in the talkie version of the Edgar Wallace thriller, "The Old Man." This British Lion film has been made at Beaconsfield and is full of excitements and surprises

Sasha

A glimpse of the sea through the pines taken from the Branksome Tower Hotel in autumn. Bournemouth's salubrity of climate, its gaiety, its beautiful villas and its many attractions, make it more like a Riviera holiday resort than almost any other along the Channel

PINE-GIRT BO

IN these times when many people are thinking of wintering in England they wish to choose a resort where the rigour of our climate is tempered. Thanks to the fact that Bournemouth faces due south, and is protected from east and north-east winds by a range of low hills, behind which are a belt of pine trees, this town is one of the few in England where warmth in winter can be found. The municipality have added to these natural advantages by pro-

Sasha

The beach and sea from the gardens of the Branksome Tower Hotel. The trees grow right down to the edge of the beach, which is famous for its beautiful sand and makes it an ideal winter resort

A view from the Town Hall showing one of the beautiful pa trees and its flower beds, is one of the

A view of the foreshore at Southborne, adjoining Bournemouth, showing the Isle of Wight in the background. As will be seen from the above photograph, it is an ideal place for children, and the large amount of sunshine is a great health asset

A winter scene in the Pine Walk, where visitors in their hundreds the wind by the surrounding tall, scented pines. It is such walk people of all ages during

BOURNEMOUTH

re viding visitors with manifold amusements. The hard lawn tennis courts are some of the best in England. There are first-rate golf links in the neighbourhood, while some of the best instrumental music in the kingdom is always to be enjoyed here. Situated but two hours from London by the Southern Railway, Bournemouth looks forward this winter to a wonderful season. The hotels in the town rank among the best in the country.

The Undercliff Drive, which runs at the edge of the sea between Boscombe and Bournemouth. Shelters and seats abound, making it as pleasant for pedestrians as for motorists

iful public gardens. The town, with its open spaces, its pine of the most pleasant on the South Coast

dreds can enjoy the health-giving air and sunshine sheltered from walks as these that make Bournemouth so ideal a resort for ring the winter months

Reminiscent of the Riviera. One of the lovely public gardens ringed with pine trees The artificial lakes, the fountains, and the palms all lend the authentic Riviera note to Bournemouth, and the mild winter climate adds greatly to the effect

GOLFERS AT BOURNEMOUTH

The Eighth Bi-annual Dinner of Debenham's Golfing Society was held at Branksome Towers Hotel, Bournemouth, where were present many of the leading mercers of Great Britain. On the left, reading from left to right: Mr. R. P. Gaze, Managing Director of the Drapery Trust, Mr. James Spence, Vice-Chairman of Debenhams, and Mr. F. C. Turnpenny, Chairman of Drage's. The meeting lasted two days

Mr. Douglas R. Bellamy and Mr. Stanley Passmore, the well-known solicitor

Mr. G. M. Wright, the captain (left), in the chair, Managing Director of Debenhams, Mr. F. J. Pope, Director of the Drapery Trust, and Mr. P. A. Hawke, Director of Debenhams

Mr. G. O. Allen, the famous cricketer

Above: Mr. G. T. Page, of Marshall's, of Scarborough, Mr F. B. Forster, of Marshall's, of York, Mr. S. A. Cheeseman, General Manager of Stagg's, and Mr. Lionel A. Day, of Debenham and Freebody

Right (reading from left to right): Mr. S. G. Maxwell, the winner, being presented with the trophy, and Messrs. James Spence, P. A. Hawke, A. F. Bobby, and G. M. Wright

Mr. Jack Spence, Hon. Secretary of Debenhams' Golfing Society

Photographs by Sasha

A HUNTING MORN WITH THE QUORN

A photograph taken at a recent meet of the Quorn Foxhounds at Kirby Gate, Melton Mowbray. The Hunt is seen on the way to draw covert at Gartree Hill along the Kirby-Great Dalby road

Life seems brighter after GUINNESS

"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

G.E.161.A

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Hour Glass

by Henrietta Leslie

MICHAEL MERRITT lay inert in bed. The sheet, neatly folded, rubbed the tip of his nose, and his arms lay relaxed and helpless by his sides. There was a screen round his bed to keep out the draught. On the other side of it, he knew, sat the nurse. Michael Merritt regarded this young woman with a strange mixture of feelings. To begin with, he could not understand what had induced her to take up the profession at all. She was so young and she was quite unusually pretty. Moreover, she had a soft, low voice and a gay manner which she subdued to gentleness when she came and went about the sick room.

Such a girl, thought Michael Merritt, lying helpless in his bed, ought not to be emptying slops and washing an old man's anatomy. She ought to be out and about in the world, loving life and being loved by it. Slops—they weren't life; no, indeed, far from it—slops were death.

Death . . . that was what faced Michael Merritt now. He knew it. A whisper that had passed between the nurse and the doctor had told him. The doctor was young and the nurse was young; they stood for the beginnings of things, and he stood now for the end.

And, realising this, the soul of Michael Merritt rebelled. His body was old, no doubt. It was worn out like a used-up clock. But his mind was not old; it was not tired or finished.

It was all very well for those two with their lives before them to accept calmly the fact that his number was up. He couldn't accept it. He wouldn't. He did not want to die. Life was wonderful; he didn't want to leave it. He loved it as he always had.

Dying . . . he . . . rubbish! He made another movement, and, from the other side of the screen, came one in response. She was alert that girl, even though she believed he was past praying for. He gave an inward chuckle. She'd look a pretty fool if he pulled through; but she'd be glad, he knew. He forced himself to lie very still and to breathe quietly, as though he were asleep; otherwise she'd come creeping round the screen, asking if he needed anything in that darling voice of hers, and he didn't want to talk just now. He wanted to be by himself, to think and plan how to trick the nurse and doctor, how to trick that Presence lurking near—how to trick Death and cling to lovely life. He must lie still and breathe as though he were asleep.

If only he hadn't been such a fool, wishing his life away. He'd always done it, he remembered, nestling down a little deeper into his pillows. Fool! When one was young one was spendthrift of life. Hours, days, months, the supply seemed inexhaustible, and one wished them peevishly away—the less pleasant of them. If only now one could wish them back!

"You can," he seemed to hear a voice. "You can have it back, just the time you've squandered."

He gave a start. That voice—where did it come from? Surely there had been a voice; he had not dreamed it? Perhaps Nurse. . . . He opened his eyes. Someone was standing at the foot of the bed, looking down on him. He could feel the pitiful eyes, but the flickering firelight was confusing, making it difficult to recognise features, faces. . . . No, it wasn't Nurse, but it was someone familiar, friendly, almost dear. It was a long time, he thought suddenly, since he had had a visitor. He was, after all, a very lonely old man. Here he lay ill, so ill that they pretended he was dying, and nobody came near him. In spite of this he did not want to die. Less and less did he want to die.

"I don't want to die," he told his friend.

"But your time is up; you've spent it," said the compassionate voice.

"It can't be—oh, it can't be!" He loved life; he wouldn't leave it. Why should he? It wasn't fair; so much still to do, to see, to know.

"All but the hours you've wished away," continued the voice.

The firelight flickered.

IT flickered on the white walls of the schoolroom and on the shiny black surface of the cottage piano which stood against the wall. It flickered, too, on Michael's desk, where his book—*Masterman Ready*—lay open. Michael had flung it down; it was too dark to read.

He stood by the window, staring into space. There was a gale raging, and the tops of the trees, above the level of the schoolroom window, dipped and reared and swayed violently about through the blue air, which was growing every moment deeper, darker blue. Soon one would no longer be able to see those tree-tops or the rain flinging great handfuls of drops upon the window panes, with such frightening, exciting noise. Soon one would only be able to see what the flickering firelight pleased to show one.

Michael, feeling all tight and hard and miserable as though he were wearing his belt inside his skin instead of outside it, turned away from the window and went and sat on a chair. It was wooden and high. His feet didn't properly reach the ground, a fact that added to his misery and made him feel smaller and younger and more abandoned. Other evenings, long before this time, Ellen, the housemaid, brought in the schoolroom lamp and drew the blinds. To-night she had not been; nobody remembered the schoolroom or the small boy alone in it.

The usually cheerful house was terribly quiet. Not a footstep, not a voice, only now and again a queer sort of creak coming from far away downstairs, and a sound that might have been a whisper, and, within the room, the lashing of the barred-out storm and the pitter-pitter of the fire. The fire was friendly and ordinary—the only thing. Suppose it went out? Horrible thought. And then, from far away downstairs, came another of those mysterious faint sounds—and the closing of a door.

Downstairs—where She was. At least, he supposed it was She. They had taken him into her room earlier in the afternoon. It was such a familiar room; everything it contained had been there ever since he could remember. Only last week he and She and two of the kids from the Grange had dressed up in the gaudy array that She kept for these occasions in a fascinating wicker basket that lived behind a screen. He had once heard Muriel, the parlour-maid, telling Ellen that She had been on the stage. Certainly that, or something, made her different from anyone else in the world. But this afternoon She had been different again—different from herself.

Illustrated by
F. STOCKS MAY

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She had lain quite pale and quiet on the bed. Her eyes had been closed; She had not spoken or stirred. She had not smiled once—She, who was all smiles and all laughter. It had been dreadful, dreadfuller somehow because the room was the same, so completely the same, while She was so utterly different. In spite of the jacket and the man's tie to which, since his last birthday, he had been promoted, he had grown suddenly afraid, and then they had taken him away, while Father, speaking in a strange voice, had said they would know in a couple of hours, and that he was to go back and wait in the schoolroom. So he had gone—and here he was, waiting. A couple of hours meant nothing to him. He only knew that he ached for them to pass, longed desperately, agonisingly, that they might end, wished them away with all the power of his young soul, that he might know . . . whatever there was to know.

Footsteps came at last, up the stairs and along the passage; footsteps far away downstairs where She was . . . and then the opening of the door.

THE door opened. Thank goodness! He'd been sitting in that horrible room for ages, it seemed to him. He couldn't believe that it was only half-past ten, and that, at half-past eight, he'd had breakfast—a jolly good bulge—porridge, sausages, coffee, toast, and marmalade, the Oxford sort with fat lumps of peel in it that crunched when you bit them. And yet the clock on the mantelpiece said half-past ten. It had just struck. A beast of a clock—gilt, with a gentleman in a robe and a long beard studying a scroll.

Michael sat on the edge of his chair. His feet were curled uncomfortably round the legs. He had new shoes on, which, earlier in the day, had given him extreme satisfaction; now they hurt like blazes, because he could not help screwing up his toes inside them. *Punch* was open before him. He hoped the elderly lady seated opposite believed that he was reading it. She had looked up at him once or twice from the *Punch* which was open before her. He peeped across; surely her *Punch* was upside down.

The door opened. If it wasn't his turn next he'd either scream or run away, and the Guv'nor had put him on his honour to do neither.

Golly, if only it were his turn. Oh, hang, it wasn't! The maid was nodding to the elderly lady. She got up quickly, dropping all her things, bag, umbrella, spectacles, and went away, colliding in the doorway with a relieved looking man. The man glanced at Michael and grinned.

"Cheer up, youngster; it's all in the day's work. Half-pulled me round the room, so I expect he'll be kinder to you."

The door slammed. He'd gone. Michael was alone again . . . waiting. If only the time would pass. He forced himself to think about this afternoon, when they were going to a show—he and the Guv'nor. With a kind of fierce determination he pictured himself leaving the dentist's house, catching a bus, finding the restaurant, meeting his father, giving up his hat to the attendant, sitting down to lunch; the only way to make the minutes pass, the dreadful minutes of waiting. . . .

WAITING. . . . He must have been waiting hours already. The shadow cast by the big black barn on the other side of the road had, he was certain, changed its place, while the two cart horses which had passed him on their way to the forge had just come back with bright new shoes gleaming through their feathers.

At first he had walked up and down, up and down. Twenty steps to the right of the stile, twenty steps to the left. He had made a sort of game of it, with quite painfully strict rules about not turning round to see if she were in sight before the fifteenth step. But, because his heart was beating so painfully with the hope that is half fear and the fear that is half hope, he had simply not been able to keep it up. The game had ceased to be amusing or exciting, and he had stopped playing it and had perched instead on the stile, lighting cigarettes, one after another, smoking a few puffs and then throwing them away.

"If only he hadn't been such a fool, wishing his life away. He'd always done it, he remembered, nestling down a little deeper into his pillows"

He knew he had got there early, ridiculously early, in fact. When laying his plans he had allowed for all sorts of hitches on the way, none of which had happened. It didn't matter being early. It didn't matter waiting on the stile making massacre of his box of cigarettes. If he hadn't waited here, he would have had to wait somewhere else. He had a funny feeling that, up till now—though, of course, he hadn't realised it—his whole life had been one long waiting, a kind of antechamber in which he had lived until the time was ripe for him to step into her presence.

So, naturally, he had been early. That wouldn't have mattered if she had not been late, and even her being late would not have mattered if he could have felt positive that she would come. Although he knew her letter by heart, he took it out from where it lay sheltered in his pocket-book, striving with his every sense to extract some fresh certainty from the few words that were there and even from those that were not. His eyes caressed the page, adoring the delicate mauve paper and the fat initial M at the top left-hand corner, which was already a third of the way towards her darling name. But most of all he adored the tumbling

letters, which, to his thrilled imagination, brought forward a picture of herself and the tumbling curls of her hair.

She would come. She must. Oh, yes, she must. But when would she come, that was the question . . . when?

For a moment he hated the leisureliness of life. Such a drowsy day. Such slow-sailing cloud galleons dawdling across the sky; such drowsy, honey-sated bees bundling along; such a dreamy hum from the reaping machine in the field behind him. He wanted to get at the back of Time to push it, to shove it, to force it to reach the minute when it would bring peace to his longing heart. He wondered what hat she would be wearing, the straw-coloured one with the corn-flowers and poppies, or the brown one with the wallflowers, all velvety and soft like her eyes.

If only she'd come, what matter in what hat!

The clock on the square church tower said half-past—what was the matter with the world to-day? Even the clock was in the conspiracy. He could have sworn it had said five and twenty minutes past ages ago, when he had abandoned walking up and down and taken his position on the stile. He lit another cigarette. What to do if she didn't come? Do? There wouldn't be anything to do but wait. But she would come; she must; she'd promised . . . well, as good as promised.

"Oh, Meg, how late you are!"

"I'm not—or only a few minutes."

"Don't you love me—don't you?"

"Michael, you know I do!"

"I don't know. How should I? You're so wonderful, so lovely, and I'm . . nothing."

"Don't be silly, Michael."

"I'm not silly."

"Yes, you are, to talk like that."

"Well, anyhow, will you marry me at once? I can't wait any longer. Waiting's the devil."

"But, Michael, dear, we're both so young. Marriage . . . I don't know, somehow it frightens me."

"We're not so young. I'm twenty. I'll be twenty-one in quite a few months."

"But to decide now—for all our lives. Suppose we changed our minds?"

"I shan't change mine. Meg, Meg darling, promise you'll be my wife."

Very gently she freed herself.

"I can't now. It wouldn't be fair. I love you too much to take risks."

"Then you're turning me down," he groaned. How he hated the sun, how he hated the blue sky and the galleons of slow-sailing clouds dawdling across it.

"I'm not," she answered hotly. "I'm asking you to wait. To give us both a chance."

"To wait," he repeated dully. "To wait—and how long?"

"Oh, I don't know—a year, perhaps."

A year. . . . How to live through a year? Sundays at church; week days at work. Fireside evenings of winter. Football—short grey days—long dark nights. Timid spring—blue-nosed girls in the street selling the first primroses. Summer—radiant at last. Cricket matches—river parties, girls in light frocks, strawberries and cream. The Long Vac. And then blessed autumn again. Three hundred and sixty-five days. Dressing and undressing. A year—a lifetime in itself. Oh, to dream it away, to be able to wish it away with its gnawing uncertainty. If one could only know. . .

"IF we could only know."

"I'm afraid we can't hope for that, sir. Not just yet, in any case. In a gale like this there's no telling at all. Seven years ago come February I recollect, sir, we was seventeen hours hanging about outside Dover Harbour, and half the portholes broken. Another basin? Yes, sir; certainly, sir. If you take my advice, you'll try and get a little sleep."

"Sleep!"

"It'll pass the time, believe me, sir; it's the only thing to do, to try to pass the time."

"It's my wife I'm worrying about."

"She'll be all right, sir. Stewardess looking after her. Nice woman, our stewardess—steady, experienced woman."

"Do you think we'll get there soon? Good Lord, what's that?"

"Just the water, sir. Porthole gone, I expect."

Crash . . . Bang . . Squeal . . . Shudder. The wild thud of water, the whirr and roar of machinery, the shriek of the wind.

Sleep! If he could only sleep till this nightmare was over; it couldn't last for ever; it must be only a question of minutes till they could make the harbour, till they could plant their feet on the firm land.

Crash . . . Bang . . . Shriek . . .

Shriek!

"Oh, Michael, isn't she dreadfully out of tune?"

"It's ghastly!"

"And they said she was so *good*. Think how she's been boomed and advertised in the papers. Why, she's right off the note. Can't we go?"

"I don't think we can. It's not as though we'd bought our tickets. Tomlinson might be hurt."

"Well, I wish it'd end. How much more is there?"

"Another two acts, I'm afraid."

"Oh, dear, two whole acts! I wish we could dream them away, don't you?"

"I do—except that we're together."

"Yes, we're together. . . ."

"What a waste of our stolen evening!"

"Never tell me again forbidden fruits are sweet! Listen to that. Ooh, Michael, I've never heard . . ."

Heard. . . . He ought to have heard by now. It was a week, more than a week since he'd had that second interview, and they'd promised to let him know at once. The worst of the whole beastly business was not being able to tell Meg. Possibly his instinct of hiding the truth from her had been wrong and would turn out disastrously for them both, as all his instincts had appeared to do lately. It seemed as though in life people were as often punished for being well meaning and mistaken as for being actually wicked. Life was a queer business, and how it changed men and women! He wasn't a sentimentalist, only sometimes the past would come back, taunting one with its hopes and promises. When one was young, one didn't believe in the power of money. One thought courage and love were the things which made for happiness. One didn't know—how should one?—that babies, coming one after another, would rob a woman of her health, would steal from her the power to adapt herself to "love in a cottage," would turn the perpetual pinching and scraping from a gay adventure into a grievance.

His pretty Meg, so full of fun, so full of life. She seemed a ghost to-day. He supposed it was his fault, and yet, to come home from work, with all the cares and anxieties of the office day behind him, to find those other cares of home and household waiting to pounce upon him and swamp him. . . . Life didn't seem worth living sometimes. It was worse for Meg, he knew, but this didn't make it any better for him. And they couldn't share things any longer. Vaguely, although she never said so, he felt she blamed him, and, because she blamed him, he began to blame himself. Why couldn't he rise? Why couldn't he make more money? He was in the City, surrounded by opportunities which other men took. His confidence in himself began to wane. And then he met Patricia Anne—young, keen, independent, successful, and, above all, believing in him, wanting to be with him, making him realise it. Patricia Anne, who looked on him as an equal, even as a superior, who hadn't got to bear and rear his babies, but who had dozens of interests, which she was prepared to share with him. Languages—people—the Gothic Revival—Wagner—Somebody's controversy with Somebody else in the *Observer*—the latest discovery at Pompeii—tennis—skating. Meg cared for none of these things, and yet he knew Meg cared for him. Her caring made him feel a swine, no end of a swine. She had been so desperately ill two years ago when little John was born, and now again. . . . Alas, those babies had stolen all her pretty youth. When the blow fell, when the firm crashed and he lost his job, he simply hadn't dared to tell her. He'd left home as usual every morning and spent the working day vainly looking for a job, which should be even as good as the last; being interviewed, calling here, calling there, waiting in queues with other men, all trying to hide the fact of their vital need under calm, smiling demeanours, all trying to pretend that they didn't hate their brothers in the queue with the primitive hatred born of fear and hunger. Patricia Anne knew, of course. Patricia Anne had been his rock, his refuge through those dreadful weeks. If the Guv'nor had been alive. . . . Thank God, he wasn't!

Now he was waiting, always waiting for the postman's knock. They had promised to let him know at once, but it was more than a week. . . . If only there were some drug, some merciful means invented by science to bring oblivion and wipe out the days of this awful uncertainty. . . .

"Uncertainty—yes, Mr. Merritt, it's always the worst part. Unfortunately, we can't tell before the crisis, and that cannot be before three days. Happily your little boy has a strong constitution, and children have a wonderful will to live. We must hope for the best."

Hope—yes, but three days to wait—three whole days. . . .

Days, what were days? Three months till his holiday—thirteen interminable weeks till he could—for a fortnight—do something different from what he had been doing day in, day out, for the last nine months.

Up the steps he had gone down that morning—opened the door with his latch key. Bang goes the door behind him.

"Hullo, Meg."

"Hullo, Michael."

"All right?"

"Yes, all right. You all right? Had a good day?"

"Oh, same as usual. Dinner ready? I'm starving."

"It'll be ready in half an hour, dear. It's late to-night, I know, but the boys have been to a football match and Kathleen phoned she'd been kept at the office—over-time or something."

"Well, I hope they'll come soon. Half an hour to wait! I'm starving . . ."

Starving. . . . Yes, he'd heard that some of the prisoners in a few of the camps were literally starving. Meg was bitter about it. What was the use of being bitter? Bitterness didn't help anyone, least of all the boys out there. It wouldn't be surprising if they were starving; the whole German nation was starving, old men and women, even the children. The soldiers in the trenches had scarcely enough, one heard that from our fellows who had talked to prisoners. Starvation was a policy of the Allies to bring Germany to her knees—a weapon of modern warfare. If one started being bitter there would be no end to it. But Meg couldn't help it. Life hadn't brought her much, he supposed, outside the children. It was a dreadful admission for him to have to make. Still, when one came to his age, truth seemed best even when it hurt. And she'd had the children; they'd been hers always—not his at all. Why, he couldn't imagine. His fault, perhaps. Meg had been happy in her children; he had found his happiness in other ways, not as good very likely, but still his own, and then the War had come and stolen them one by one.

These last years—God, what they'd been! One heart-rending series of waits—waiting for the children to go out, waiting for them to come home on leave; waiting for news of victories that did not come, for letters that did not come; and fearfully, secretly, for the telegraph boy's dreaded knock.

The War—if only one hadn't been too old to go out oneself, to do something, no matter how loathsome, how dangerous, anything better than staying at home hating each new day as it dawned; wishing it dead before its birth, wishing, wishing, wishing one's life away, and afterwards . . .

"Afterwards? It's a transitional age, Mr. Merritt; we shall settle down soon. The next generation will put things straight. You mustn't be so hopeless. It's very wicked to be so hopeless. While there's life there's hope, you know. Nearly seventy? You can't be. Absurd . . . why you look. . . . Oh, I don't know—certainly not that age. The great thing is to keep one's mind open."

"Open—open—a little wider, please. Well, all I can say is you've been very lucky, sir, to keep your own teeth so long. They were, however, obviously poisoning your whole system. You'll see, when you get used to this set you'll be a new man. Hurt you, do they? Oh, that is nothing. Give your gums a chance. In a few weeks, quite a few weeks, you'll be able to masticate with the best of us. Something to look forward to, isn't it?"

The young nurse thought she heard a movement in the bed and put down her pen to slip behind the screen and gaze compassionately upon her patient. She must have been mistaken. He was lying very still; his features looked thin and waxen, but a strange little smile illumined his face.

"Poor dear," said the nurse to herself. "Dreaming about the past, I expect. Looking backwards."

She smoothed the sheet and touched the pillow, and left him, smiling still, as she went back to her writing, stepping softly, while the firelight flickered on the screen. H. L.

THE ROYAL NAVY Sees Itself at THE REGAL

Officers and men connected with the submarine branch of the Royal Navy attended the first night of the film, "Men Like These . . . !" at the Regal last week. Seen above, with a model of the submarine used in the film, are Rear-Admiral B. V. Brooke, C.V.O. (left), Vice-Admiral R. R. C. Backhouse, C.B., C.M.G., Rear-Admiral G. K. Chetwode, C.B., Rear-Admiral M. E. Dunbar-Nasmith, V.C., C.B., Mr. Walter Summers, who directed the film, and Rear-Admiral C. V. Usborne, C.B., C.M.G.

Some of the guests arriving at the Regal last week to witness the wonderful British film, "Men Like These . . . !" which tells the story of the entombment and subsequent escape of men trapped in a rammed submarine. On the left is a group including Rear-Admiral M. E. Dunbar-Nasmith, V.C., C.B., and Rear-Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans, C.B., D.S.O., and on the right Vice-Admiral F. C. Dreyer, C.B., C.B.E., is seen arriving. Pictures of this film, in the making of which the Admiralty lent close co-operation, appear on page 329

jane gordon writes on the fashions of the week with sketches by henry laverne

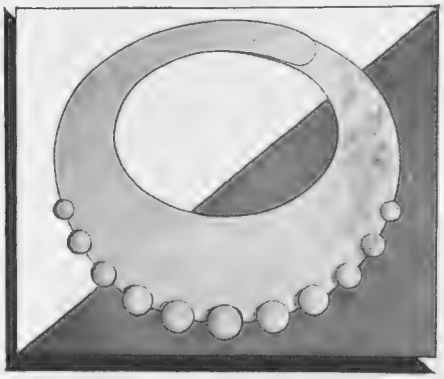
Jane Gordon, the well-known fashion writer, is describing in a series of articles what the smartest women are wearing in London. She will be emphasising the manner in which Englishwomen and English couturiers and English jewellers are leading the world of fashion, as Paris and New York are slowly but surely recognising.—Editor.

WHAT fun it is to see pretty women wearing orchids on their shoulders and Service stripes on their arms again! During the past week there has been a perfect epidemic of orchids and optimism. At the Embassy Club on Thursday night almost every other man was wearing a buttonhole, and an enormous percentage of the women sprays of orchids. The former Mrs. Glen Kidston was there that evening in the most lovely orchid-coloured heavy georgette dress made simply in the Empire style, with a high-waisted slashed bodice. The three-quarter length coat, which matched this dress, was of a deep soft plum colour, cut in slim, straight lines, with long sleeves, and a cape-collar of the pale mauve of the dress. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, who was wearing one of the newest silver-embroidered evening jumpers and a pleated georgette skirt, had a spray of small star-shaped red orchids that exactly matched her necklace, earrings, and braclets of ruby beads.

These gloves and scarf are crocheted in chenille. The hat of felt is in the same almond-green shade as the gloves and scarf, with a deeper green and white feather. The dress has a white bodice and skirt of the feather shade of green

ORCHIDS, as we all know, are nasty, deceitful flowers. They have an unhealthy beauty, a slightly dank smell, and stalks filled with a thick sticky fluid which is apt to dribble on one's dress and ruin it. In America this flower is the outward and visible sign of young men's chivalry. In England it usually indicates that a young married woman has paid herself a compliment at her husband's expense. It is a curious fact that although there are more pretty girls playing around London than there have been for years, you seldom see any of them wearing real flowers. Miss Patricia Richards, Lord Jersey's extremely pretty fiancée, is the one exception. She wears a spray of large mauve orchids with smart afternoon clothes, as well as in the evening. Miss Joyce Cooper is another girl with ideas of her own about orchids. She has had orchids specially grown for her wedding bouquet to match her lovely Titian hair.

THERE is no city in the world where you can see so many smart people as you do in our London night clubs and restaurants; and in these days women, as well as men, are ordering their clothes in London. English women know so much better than French women what suits their particular style of looks. I saw Mrs. Armstrong Jones at the Monseigneur the other night wearing a lovely evening dress of yellow chiffon, with a bodice which was draped in front and a waistband of pleated satin ribbon. The satin also formed a looped-up drapery at the back, and the skirt reached to the ground. Miss Natika Condé-Nast was also there with another party, and she was wearing a honey-coloured velvet coat trimmed with yards and yards of beige-coloured fox that showed up to the best advantage her dark hair and exotic loveliness.



If men can wear celluloid collars—why shouldn't women? This one is edged with bobbles of celluloid substance, and it can be worn in the place of lingerie collars on dark woollen or silk frocks, and sponged when necessary!

This black ensemble is right for almost every daytime occasion. The jumper and hat are silk crocheted in a fish-net design with a lozenged shaped monogram embroidered in red and white. The little jacket is of Persian lamb cloth, and the skirt is of diagonal woollen material

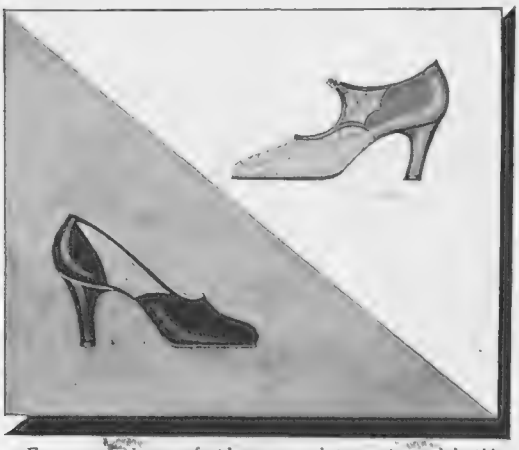
PEOPLE have become strangely superstitious just lately. Hard-boiled young men, who would have laughed at such nonsense a short time ago, now tell you quite earnestly that they have found a charm that has changed the

whole course of their life and brought them incredible luck. Even "smart" young women are not above wearing lucky charms. Mrs. Peter Thursby was with a party at a restaurant the other evening, looking charming in a black velvet gown with a large bow, formed by the shoulder straps on one shoulder. On her wrist was a gold bracelet hung with five or six tiny elephants, each one a different colour. At the other end of the room Mrs. Derek Murphy, who is as fair as Mrs. Thursby is dark, was wearing a twin bracelet.

THE very newest and smartest kind of gloves to wear with sport clothes are crocheted in chenille. They look as if they are made of chenille fish net, reaching half-way up the forearm, and they are extremely warm and comfortable to wear. The first pair I saw were shown me by a Knightsbridge dressmaker, they were in almond-green, and had a green chenille scarf to match. This same dressmaker, who is not only English, but whose clothes are far more exclusively smart than anything you can find in Paris, showed me the most entrancing little black ensemble consisting of a black crocheted silk jumper, which also looked like thick fish net, with a large lozenge-shaped monogram embroidered on it in red and white silk. This jumper is worn with a black herring-bone woollen skirt and a black Persian lamb cloth jacket which reaches just to the lowest rib, and has a very high collar.

ONE of the most amusing places for cocktails, as well as for luncheon, is the Ritz Hotel. You feel there that no woman who is not immaculately dressed would ever dare to walk up those steps and sit at any of the little tables in the raised part of the hall. Mrs. Freddy Cripps was there a day or two ago, wearing one of this season's Lanvin felt hats, which are round, with no trimming at all, and reach to a high point at the back. This was the first I had seen in London. Another very smart woman wore a perfectly tailored coat and skirt of the brightest geranium-pink tweed.

Mrs. Armstrong-Jones wears this lovely yellow chiffon dress, which has a pleated double satin ribbed waistband and looped-up drapery forming a bustle. The evening bag is also made of yellow satin with an onyx clasp. The gloves are of pale yellow suède, stitched with black silk



For women who are afraid to expose their toes in sandals, this black crêpe de chine slipper is ideal, the open part lightens the foot and is edged on the top with a tiny piping of silver kid. The insertion in this day shoe of brown glacé is made of the new "Condor" skin

GERANIUM-PINK, Russian green and tomtit-blue are the most fashionable colours for suits or dresses of wool materials. A new corded woollen stuff called "Cordilota," and a very fine rough crêpe wool named "Erylota," are two of the most fascinating cloths that have been designed and made at Bradford. I have seen a selection of the newest Bradford materials, and if it had not been proved to me they were English I would certainly have sworn that they came from France.

SHOES for both day and evening wear are more amusing now than they have been for a long time. In a Bond Street window you will find day shoes with part of the heel and the back part of the shoe studded with little gilt nails. A famous St. James's Street shoe shop has discovered a new way of treating a new kind of skin. The result is rather like alligator, and what this skin really consists of is a trade secret which, unfortunately, I am not allowed to repeat. The name of the leather is, I believe, "Condor." Sandal evening shoes, with one's stockinged feet showing between the straps and bands, are becoming more and more fashionable. Englishmen will have to dance a great deal better than they do at present before the majority of us will risk exposing our helpless toes in this way, although they have improved a lot in the last few years.

The SPRINGBOKS ROUT the UNITED SERVICES

Above: The Services secure the ball from a line-out in their recent match at Twickenham against the South Africans. Although the Springboks were held quite well up to half time, they later forged ahead in great style, and, having mastered their opponents, romped home easy winners with twenty-three points to the United Services' nil

Above is seen a mix-up between the opposing forwards during a bout of mid-field play, and on the right the South African forwards are making good use of their feet after the break-up of a scrum near the United Services' twenty-five. A large crowd visited Twickenham and witnessed the runaway victory of the Springboks, who played excellent football

MONTPARNASSE TO-DAY

The recently built Montparnasse railway station, which is the new terminus in Paris for the transatlantic boat trains running to Cherbourg and Le Havre. It is taking over this traffic from the old Gare St. Lazare

PARIS TO-DAY

By ETHEL MANNIN

Miss Ethel Mannin, the famous novelist and publicist, continues this week her typical articles on her impressions of life in Paris, whither she went recently.

As Don Marquis so profoundly and wittily remarks, "Life's too dam' funny for me to explain. . . ." Also, whether you've ever heard it said before or not, it's a small world. For what do you think? T'other night as I was sitting having a harmless necessary vermouth-français-avec-gin at La Capoulade on the corner of the Boul' Mich', where its garish tide flows up to meet the Luxembourg, who should meander in but a Bright Young Man from Bloomsbury. Nothing very odd about that, perhaps, but listen, mon ami, we were scarcely launched upon another five-franc-fifty's worth of the stuff that cheers when we were joined by a couple of Americans whom the young man had met on the boat coming over from U.S.A. nearly two years ago, and not seen since.

But that's not all, for what happens? We dine with these Americans at their studio up in the Champs-Elysées and they take us over to Berry's for coffee and liqueurs, where I'm blest if we don't meet two more Americans who had crossed at the same time on the same boat! So here are five people who met on a boat two years ago, and never expected to see each other again, all turning up in Paris after all that time, and all meeting on the same day without in the least expecting to do so! Moreover, though I have never seen or heard of these Americans before, it transpires that two of them were the hosts of my good friend Allen Lane, of the Bodley Head, in the South of France in the summer. . . . The moral of which, I expect, is that journeys end in Paris meetings. Upon my refusing to reveal my name—since it's more fun to be incognito when in foreign parts—they suspect me of being Miss Rebecca West! Smile or not, as you please! . . . Upon my solemnly assuring them that I hadn't that distinction, the Bright Young Person, in a playful moment, almost succeeded in convincing them that I was really Mrs. Bernard Shaw. . . . See what sex and fame will do for an honest gal!

POPPY DAY IN PARIS

Members of the British Legion in Paris on their way to their annual Poppy Day parade. They are seen with their standards leaving the British Embassy Church

But Paris is nothing if not the city of surprises. The other night, drifting into the Ange Bleu, in that sinisterly dark boulevard Edgar Quintet, off the Montparnasse, after dining Franco-Russe at the Dominique, who should I find there but fat, adorable Edith Wilson, of Blackbirds fame. What an artist she is! What personality! What point she gives to her naughty little songs—and *how*! Who else could sing "Love for Sale" just like that? "Put it away till the Spring" came new to me—and, well, really! A dusky female Douglas Byng, that's what she is! The perfect after-midnight pick-me-up.

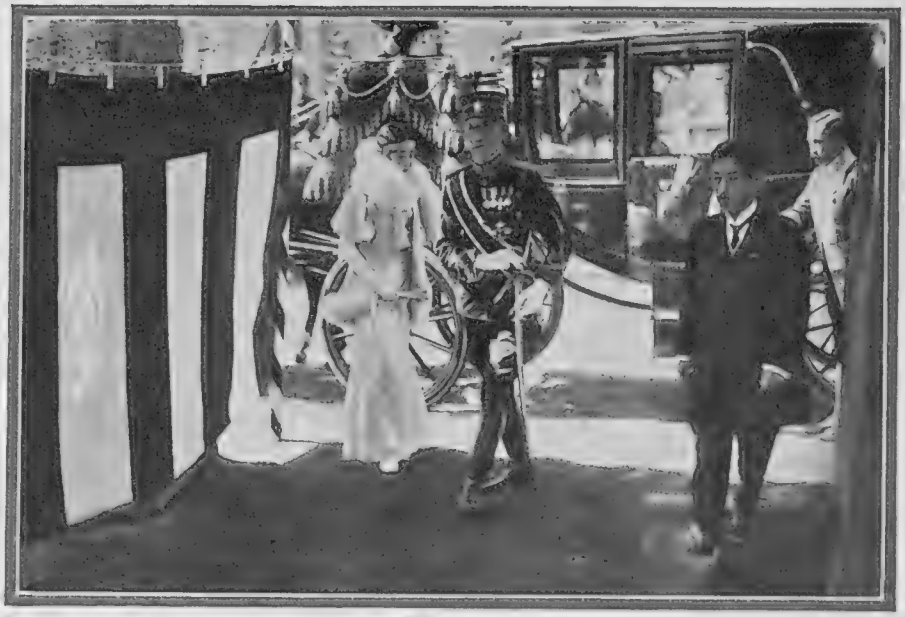
It's a nice, "matey" little bar, the Ange Bleu, with young men crashing away at the two pianos, and everyone looking as though they're at a private party; so much so, in fact, that for a few moments you wonder if you've come to the right place; if you're not intruding; until you, too, settle down, and then it becomes *your* turn to eye inquisitively, and a little resentfully, the next new-comer who squeezes his or her way in amongst the racket of jazz and smoke and laughter and crush. It always was a cheery den, but Edith is the finishing touch—she has just the right "intimate" sort of personality for a place of this kind.

Another amusing Montparnasse "dive" is the Boule Blanche—it's rather like the Antiles, with a negro cabaret and patronised by negroes—though not quite to the same extent. And the amusement you have for the price of a single bière! I saw a lovely platinum blonde dancing with a coloured youth—the effect of the black head and the silver head together was really remarkable! And they sure do "beat it up, baby," in the matter of dancing; it's the kind of dancing in which you don't travel far, but stay right where you are and shuffle your feet and wriggle your hips, and, as I

heard someone near me define it, "come all over jungle-ish," Oh, *boy*!

WELL, that's quite enough "vice" for one week, and here's a bit of romance to restore the atmosphere. Wandering about one sunny morning, sniffing the smell of Paris—that lovely smell of coffee and garlic and drains that is for ever Paris—and wondering what the day was going to yield in amusement and interest, I stopped to look in at one of the many little art shops in the Rue de Seine, and my attention was caught and held by a very attractive painting of a very attractive youth—the gamin type, like a very young Ivor Novello in *The Rat*—you know the sort of thing, defiant good looks, complete with apache kerchief knotted at the throat.

IT was a vivid, colourful thing, with a quality of life and vitality about it not often found amongst the thousands of students' pictures which clutter up Paris; obviously painted by someone with a feeling for youth, and for that youth in particular. I thought it would probably only be priced at about fifty francs, so went in to bargain for it. A fat old man emerged from the dark den at the back of the shop like a spider from his lair, and regarded me benignly. But did he warm to me for my appreciation of the work of an unknown artist? He did not. On the contrary, when I indicated which picture I wanted he drew himself up as though mortally offended. He said a good deal which I could not understand, but four things emerged from the babble—that the picture was not for sale; that many people came in to inquire about it; that it was his son; that he would not part with it for any money in the world. I was so overwhelmed by the mingled indignation and pride in the old man's voice and bearing as he explained all this that I retired from the shop feeling that I had made a shocking faux pas. But why does he have it hanging there for the provocation of the passer-by? To lure them into his shop? Or for some more exalted reason—that in his adoration for his beautiful young son he feels that he should be there for all the world to marvel at? Or is there, perhaps, some tragic story?



JUST HOME

Prince and Princess Ri arriving at the Imperial Palace, Tokio, to visit the Emperor and Empress of Japan. This was their first official act after returning home from a visit to the United States

RETURNING ROYALTIES

The Crown Prince and Princess of Italy at the windows of their railway carriage as their train reached Naples. They have taken up their residence in the Royal Palace here, recently presented to them by the King of Italy

Charlie Chaplin's little sons, Charles (left), and Sidney. They are seen obviously enjoying life on their first visit to the French capital

PONDERING this I wandered back to the St. Germaine and into the Rue de Médicis, looking on the gardens of the Luxembourg, to eat, there, wonderful oysters at eight francs a dozen, in a charming little restaurant with red checked tablecloths and curtains, and a welcome which makes you feel as though you've been expected for a long time . . . and however much you eat you cannot seem to spend more than twenty francs . . . and the tall man in the white coat and chef's head-gear who opens the oysters looks as though it gives him great personal pleasure to do so; and if he likes you, and you return the compliment, he sits down at the table with you for a chat, and instead of *you* tipping *him*, *he* stands *you* a liqueur. . . .

IT was after my discovery of this lovely, friendly little place that I went exploring farther afield, out beyond the end of the Boul' Mich', that uninteresting part of it which follows the gardens, and the magnificent fountain at the end. There is in this part of Paris the same sharp difference, the same feeling of the beginning of a new world, which one feels leaving the St. Germaine and going up into Montparnasse. Paris is like that, I always think; every quartier has its own clearly defined "quality" and personality, and in the shadow of the Observatoire I was treading new country. There is a very fine modern building up here, and I found a very private little hotel as modern inside as out, with artistic rooms in the modern manner which make a refreshing change from the pink-striped wall-papers, tarnished gilt, and crimson hangings of the majority of French hotels. This part of Paris is more like a corner of Stuttgart than anything else. But Paris, as I have said, is a city of surprises.

E. M.

MODERN DIANAS OF THE CHASE

Left, Lady Zia Wernher seen at the opening meet of the Fernie at Gunley Hall. Her husband, Colonel Sir Harold Wernher is Joint-Master of the hunt with Mr. A.C. Edmondstone

Right: Also at the Fernie's opening meet. Mrs. Geoffrey stands by whilst Lady Cromwell takes a stirrup cup

At a Scottish meet. The three daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow, the Ladies Doreen (left), Joan and Anne Hope, at the opening meet of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire, held at their home, Hopetoun House

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

SPAIN: MISS ROSITA FORBES on "SARCHESTER"

By "JUNIUS"

H.R.H. PRINCESS PILAR OF BAVARIA and Major Chapman-Huston began to write *Don Alfonso XIII: A Study in Monarchy* (Murray: 21s.) a year ago last July. This explains why the major portion of the book is written in the present tense, as if Spain had still a monarch. They were well-advised not to make any change, since as it stands their account of King Alfonso's reign adds greatly to the drama of its close.

PRINCESS PILAR is a cousin of King Alfonso and therefore has an intimate knowledge of the King and his family; Major Chapman-Huston has a knowledge of Spain and the Spanish character such as few foreigners possess. Thus we have a collaboration which has resulted in what Mr. Aubrey F. G. Bell in his introduction describes as a "vivid and exact narrative which is profoundly moving in itself and contains valuable material for the future historian."

THEY have given us a complete history of King Alfonso's thirty years' reign, with all the glittering pomp and panoply of the Court, and the difficulties, trials, and perplexities which beset the monarch from the moment he took over the reins of sovereignty from his mother, Queen Maria Cristina, when he was a youth of sixteen. Alfonso was born a king. During his minority his mother, as Regent, steered Spain through many troubled waters. He inherited much of her statecraft, and for thirty years has held the balance with varying success between warring political elements of which we have no conception in this country. He has seen thirty-three Prime Ministers, a Dictatorship, and a military government. At the present moment there are twenty-five political parties in Spain.

PERHAPS his signal mistake was the appointment of Primo de Rivera as Dictator. Wholly Spanish as he is, the King in that appointment overlooked the radical difference between the temperament of his people and the Italian temperament. The Italians have the tradition of centuries of personal government—it used to be called tyranny—in their blood. Such submission is wholly alien to the Spanish character. The consequence was that when Primo de Rivera fell King Alfonso was held personally responsible for all that he had done. That was the beginning of the end, the first attack on the popularity he had hitherto enjoyed.

THE authors take us step by step through the events of the last days. They give us King Alfonso's manifesto to his people in which he says: "I renounce no single one of my rights. . . . I deliberately suspend my exercise of the Royal power and am leaving Spain, thus acknowledging that she is the sole mistress of her destinies." Both the authors and Mr. Bell stress their conviction that at heart Spain is monarchical, "Spaniards themselves," say the authors, "are astonished at the seriousness with which Europe takes the Republic; apart from a few fanatics they do not take it very seriously themselves. They wanted to read Don Alfonso a lesson; to make a dramatic gesture."

The present situation scarcely bears out this opinion, but, none the less, the book is an historical document.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

The author of "The Golden Years," which is reviewed on this page. It is published by Hutchinson at 7s. 6d.

I SAID recently that our older novelists, one by one, are inclining towards Victorian times. Some of our younger ones seem to be inclining to the day after to-morrow. *This Crucible* (Peter Davies: 7s. 6d.), for instance. The author is "A Modern Young Man." All I can say is, if the pseudonym is correct, he knows far more about girls' schools than any young man ought to know. The jacket says, "Not only this generation, but also the last, will be genuinely attracted by writing which shows a real insight into the mentality of the young people of to-day." I'm sorry, I don't agree. For my own part I have not been attracted. I have been repelled.

It is a time of absolute freedom for youth, but if "A Young Man" expects me, for one, to accept the manner in which the young people in his book make use of that freedom, he is mistaken. I don't believe it, any more than I believe that the writer is a man. I have noticed that women writers allow their pens an atmosphere of licence which men writers, happily, do not seem able to convey.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS has made the happiest excursion into the reign of Queen Victoria. *The Golden Years* (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.) is one of those books you want to read again. And in these days when novels come from the Press like loaves from a baker's oven such books are not many.

SIR PHILIP is a fairer historian than most of his fellow-writers who have taken to digging in the rich Victorian mine. In this story of Lady Isobel Ingleby, who once danced with Napoleon III, you have all the ugliness, the shams, the misery accepted so contentedly by the aristocracy and upper classes as a natural setting for the poor. And you have all the luxury and the narrowness of outlook of what was then the ruling class, as well as the questionable pleasures of some of their sons. Lady Isobel was in advance of her time.

SHE had sympathy for the poor; she drove alone in a hansom; went to the theatre in spite of her father's prohibition, and met a young lover secretly at Madame Tussaud's. She became a Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria. Parental pressure, even the Queen herself, forced her unwillingly to the altar, but she was rewarded with the happiest old age. It is a vivid, living picture of mid-Victorian times, with a winsome, fascinating heroine.

YOU who know your *Essays of Elia* will remember Mrs. Battle, who "loved a good game of whist," and whose motto was, "A clean fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game." Mr. G. E. Manwaring tells us that Mrs. Battle was Mrs. Burney, the wife of Rear-Admiral James Burney,

(*Continued on page* 358.)

PARFUM

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LES SÉLECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT

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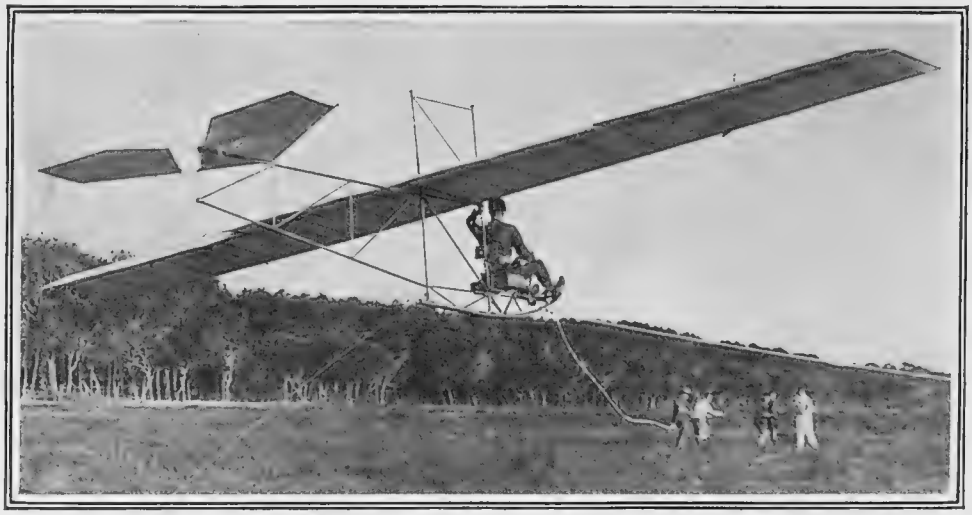

Mr. E. McCornell, late of the R.A.F., making the first glider flight from Wynberg Aerodrome, Cape Town. The example set by nearly one hundred British gliding clubs is being followed overseas with great enthusiasm

LEARN TO FLY FREE OF CHARGE

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

New Scheme at Heston

To stimulate sales of new and secondhand machines, the aviation department of Henlys offers free tuition to all buyers until further notice. This will include eight hours in the air with an instructor, quite sufficient time for any normal person, and, in addition, training in navigation and a simple maintenance routine for the aircraft. As there are secondhand machines on the market at the present time for as little as £300, business should be brisk at Heston during the winter. Mr. Brian Allen, the test pilot for Henlys, is responsible for this attractive scheme. His firm is the agent for the well known "Avian" light 'plane, made by Messrs. A. V. Roe.

Weather by Wireless

THE day is not far distant when every aeroplane, however small, will carry wireless apparatus as a standard fitting. The Automobile Association, which has already done so much to assist private owners, is extending its service to include the broadcast of weather news. The Post Office has granted a licence for transmission from Heston Airport on a wave length of 833 metres, the range of the set being over 200 miles for ground stations and about 100 miles for aircraft. Captain Duncan Sinclair, of the Standard Telephone Company, has been responsible for the technical side of the installation, and any private owner who wants to fit a machine with receiving apparatus should get in touch with him at Heston. Information will be sent out hourly during the daytime, dealing with six of the main lines of flight in Great Britain, together with a Continental route report. Professional pilots working on the regular air lines are always in touch with other pilots and with ground stations, and in course of time no flying will be possible in bad weather or at night without wireless, owing to the risk of collision. Fog horns and hooters are useless in the air. It is essential for safety that a wireless system be developed, which, together with light beacons, will be available for all pilots at any time. The "A.A." scheme has made an excellent start.

OUTWARD BOUND

The first of the big Handley Page air liners to be put into service between Palestine and India seen leaving Croydon last week. All the discomforts of ordinary travel to such places as Jerusalem, Baghdad, Teheran, Basra, Karachi and Delhi can be avoided by going via Imperial Airways

Flying for the Navy

So that naval officers may have facilities for learning to fly, the Royal Naval Flying Club has been formed, with headquarters at Hanworth Park. Members will have the full use of all N.F.S. clubs, whilst special arrangements have been made with the Hampshire Club to cater for officers stationed at or near Portsmouth. In time it is hoped to extend the scope of the Club to include Chatham, Plymouth, and certain of the overseas ports. Rear-Admiral P. E. Drax, C.B., D.S.O., is Chairman of the Committee, which has fixed the subscription at 30s., with a nominal entrance fee of 10s. until next March. So many attempts to establish a seaplane club in England having failed, there seems a sporting chance that the Navy may be successful if the new Club can secure suitable machines at a low price and a base, possibly around the Solent. Most of our light 'planes, including the Moth, the Avian, the Bluebird and Spartan, make excellent seaplanes, and the record of the Singapore Club, which uses Moths on floats, is available as proof that marine aircraft instruction can be carried out successfully.

Touring by Air

If you must go abroad this winter travel on a British ship or in a British aeroplane. Captain C. D. Barnard is arranging a tour through Italy, Palestine and Egypt, with the "Spider," the machine that holds the long-distance return flight records to India and to Cape Town. Passengers will be carried, and I can imagine no more delightful holiday than one spent in leisurely travel by air to the Near East. One advantage of a private tour of this nature is that bad weather can be avoided and sunshine guaranteed in a minimum of time. According to the daily Press Mr. Butler's fine flight to Australia is notable chiefly for the small size of his machine, a Comper Swift, and to the fact that he started off in carpet slippers. His success reflects credit on a number of accessories that are forgotten too often when praising a great achievement. The "Pobjoy" engine becomes world famous, aided and abetted by Mobiloil, Plume Petrol, K.L.G. plugs, and B.T.H. magnetos. The machine was fitted with Goodyear air wheels, and the 'plane doped with Cellon.

Fit your cigarette to the occasion

When lingering over the coffee and liqueur you may well indulge in the luxury of those opulent De Reszke *Americans.*

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GOLF GOSSIP

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

Two photographs taken during the Surrey Open Championship at Woodcote Park, Coulsdon. Above is seen A. Perry (Leatherhead), the winner, in action at the first tee, and on the right is Sir E. W. Holderness, who returned the best score for the amateurs in the morning round and tied with W. L. Hope for a special prize

THE announcement of the engagement of Miss Joyce Wethered to Major Cecil Hutchison has taken most of their acquaintances by surprise, but they will all be delighted at the news.

I understand that they have been engaged for several weeks, but the secret was well kept.

Miss Wethered has been described by Bobby Jones as the greatest golfer in the world, and it is also said that even Harry Vardon, in his prime, did not make as few mistakes as Miss Wethered. She was runner-up in the Ladies' Open Championship when nineteen, and the winner in 1922, 1924, and 1929, and a semi-finalist in 1923.

* * *

IT was announced in 1925 that she was retiring from competitive golf, but she re-entered in 1929; the final in that year will not be forgotten by any who saw it. Miss Glenna Collett, the American champion, her opponent, was making a desperate effort to carry the title to the States. At one stage of the first round Miss Collett was five up, and the thousands of spectators showed in their faces that they felt there was little question as to the ultimate result, but they had not taken into account the fighting spirit of Miss Wethered; she held on grimly, and then in the second round, by brilliant play, wiped out the arrears and won the match. In addition to the Open Championship she has won the English Ladies' Championship five times, from 1920 to 1924, and the Surrey Championship four times; she has represented England in many International matches.

* * *

IN partnership with her brother, Roger Wethered, she won the London Mixed Foursomes, in 1922 with Cyril Tolley, in 1923 and 1927 with J. F. Morrison, in 1928 and last month, playing with the Hon. Michael Scott, she recorded yet another win in this event.

Miss Wethered is a keen angler and skater.

* * *

MAJOR HUTCHISON was in the Scots Guards; he was the runner-up in the Amateur Championship of 1909, when he was beaten by Robert Maxwell at Muirfield in what is described as the fastest final ever played. He finished third in the Open Championship in 1914. Amongst other competitions he has won the St. George's Cup twice, the Gold Vase once, and the Lord Warden and Don Memorial Cups twice.

He represented Scotland against England from 1904 to 1912, and the Amateurs, in the Amateurs v. Professionals match, in 1911.

* * *

THE annual match took place at Woodcote Park recently between Surrey Amateurs and Professionals (twenty-two a side); the play was by singles in the morning and foursomes in the afternoon on level terms, the Professionals again being successful by twenty-five matches to six, with four halved. Only four Amateurs, H. L. Carr, Stuart Scheftel, A. S. Anderson, and C. R. Walters, were successful in the singles and two couples in the foursomes, Scheftel and Anderson and Richardson and Coxtain. The next day the Surrey Open Championship was played there, fifty-six amateurs and professionals taking part. A. Perry, of Leatherhead, who, by the way, started to learn his golf at Woodcote Park as a caddie, afterwards going to James Braid as an assistant, had two brilliant rounds of 68 and 72, and won by two strokes from A. J. Lacey, of Selsdon Park, who returned 71 in each round. Fred Robson, a Ryder Cup player, had a round of 69 in the morning, but could not do better than 76 in the afternoon. Of the amateurs Sir E. W. Holderness, with rounds of 72 and 77, tied for a special prize with W. L. Hope, who had a 78 in the morning and a great round of 71 in the afternoon. To conclude two very pleasant days' golf, Lady Holderness presented the prizes. The course was playing rather long, but was in excellent condition.

* * *

I WAS asked a question the other day which proves the necessity of amending the rules. A player, on a very big green, finds a small branch of a tree completely blocking his line to the hole; the branch is some twenty-five yards from the hole. Is he allowed to remove the branch? The definition of the "putting green" is all ground, except hazards, within twenty yards of the hole. Rule 28 (1) says any loose impediment may be lifted from the putting green, irrespective of the position of the player's ball. I am not going to attempt to give an answer to this problem, but it is obvious that greens have been so greatly increased in size that the rule as it stands to-day requires amending.

The finalists in the annual Hole for Hole Competition for the Grahame Cup, at North Berwick. They are Miss Eileen Tweedie (left), the runner-up, and Miss Griselda Ballantine, who defeated her by 3 and 2

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The sharpening body is reversible, presenting Hone or Strop instantly.
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Full particulars and Booklet from
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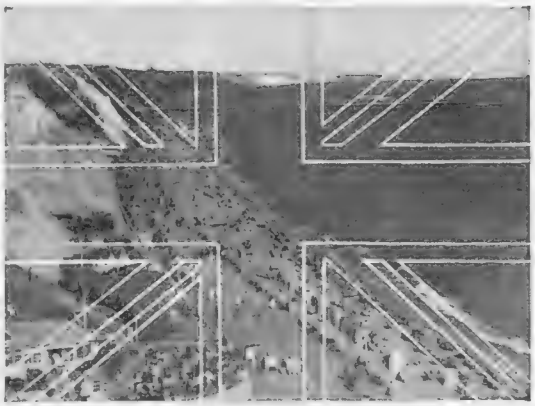

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Winter at Bournemouth

Where healthy pine-laden breezes and day after day of warm sunshine give you a new health and vigour . . . Take the facts of Bournemouth's amazing reputation for fair weather and a perfect climate — then go there for your holiday. You'll enjoy the unrivalled facilities for every kind of sport —the many interesting and beautiful walks into the historic "Hardy" country . . while the evenings offer a most comprehensive programme of amusement and entertainment.

Write for Winter Literature and Guide free from the Town Clerk, Room 90a, Town Hall, Bournemouth.

BOURNEMOUTH
Where Summer Winters

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Christmas Number
ON SALE—NOVEMBER 27th.
Not to be missed! WHY?
BECAUSE
it is full of jollity and joie de vivre, with D. B. Wyndham Lewis contributing a political pantomime which is admirable fun, and the author of "Juan in America," Erik Linklater, responsible for a daring satire of the Middle Ages, which will appeal to more than the middle aged.
Other famous writers at their best who contribute to this number are:
Ethel Mannin,
Josephine Bentham,
John Hastings Turner,
E. Dyke Acland,
as well as many other well-known authors who provide a feast of good reading.
ALSO
included in the number are many plates in full colour, jokes and illustrations by well-known artists, including a double-page colour drawing,
THE BORGIAS GIVE A JOLLY CHRISTMAS PARTY.
Two-Shillingsworth of Amusement and Very Cheap at the Price.

DOGS

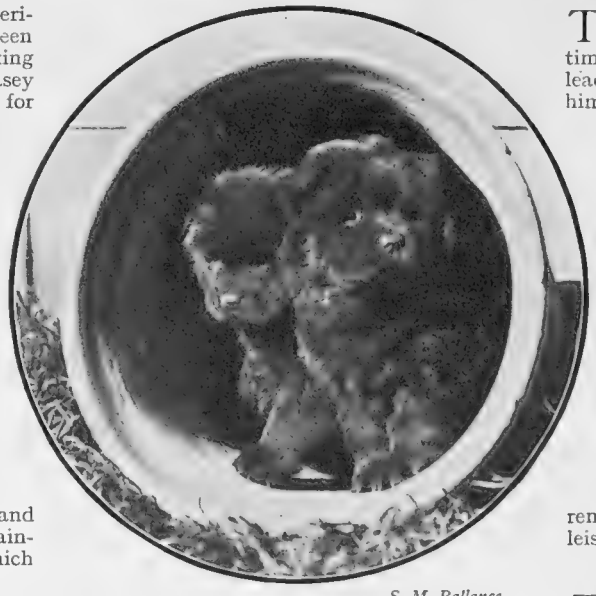
BENEFACTORS FOR THE BLIND

By LADY KITTY RITSON

ONE of the most interesting experiments in "dogdom" has been quietly and unobtrusively taking place within the last few months at Wallasey (near Liverpool), and it is training dogs for the use of blind men. The idea of a blind man and his dog is familiar to everyone, but it brings to our minds a picture of helplessness and pathos, accentuated, if possible, by the patient companionship of the dog, faithful and willing to serve, but not knowing how. But turn from this picture to that of a man upright and confident, going quickly and safely through a large and busy town to places either of business or pleasure, healthy because he can take normal exercise, happy because he is independent, and self-respecting because with all his handicap of blindness he is now on the same plane as the sighted people amongst whom he works. He does not have to ask his fellow men to aid him, for he has a pair of keen eyes and an alert brain, developed by intensive training, at his disposal by the devotion of which a dog is capable.

S

THIS type of blind man and his dog is a familiar sight on the Continent. In Germany, over 2,000 war-blinded soldiers are provided by the Government with a trained dog-guide and a grant for its maintenance. The work was next developed by Mrs. Eustis in Switzerland, where it is called "L'Œil Qui Voit," and the United States have their branch called "The Seeing Eye," of which Mrs. Eustis is president. Owing to this lady's kindness an instructor was loaned to England, where a test has been made (through funds privately raised) to see whether it would be a success here. The National Institute for the Blind has invited the Guide Dogs for the Blind to affiliate themselves with the N.I.B. so that the latter may see how the scheme works.



S. M. Ballance

DOGGY DIOGENES

Two puppies, full of youthful optimism, looking for an honest man

TO someone who sees a trained dog and his blind master together for the first time it is little short of miraculous. The dog leads him at a fast walk, carefully steering him past pillar boxes, pedestrians, and holes or obstruction in the road. At a kerb or a flight of steps the dog either checks or sits down; this is communicated to the blind man through the handle which he holds, and which is part of the dog's harness. At a street corner the dog will halt until there is a break in the traffic, when it goes straight across, halting at the opposite kerb, so that the man shall not stumble against it. In this way, if the blind man does not know his way, he has only to ask, and he knows by the number of times that the dog checks how many turnings he has passed. Thus a blind man is freed from that galling sense of dependence, which makes his life such a burden, and is enabled to take any amount of exercise instead of remaining at home until somebody has the leisure to take him out.

S

THERE are now several men with their trained dogs around Liverpool, and six months are to be allowed to elapse to see how the experiment works. It is a new departure in England, but it is probable that before long there will be many more blind men made independent and happy by owning one of these dogs which has been specially trained to undertake the kind of work in question. A dog is never so happy as when it is working, and can you imagine anything better than turning its working capabilities to such good account?

A chance to give your dog a treat for 5d.!

A bag of Spillers Shapes will be a great treat to your dog. Four different shapes of biscuit, and each a different flavour! Wheatmeal, crisp and crunchy for his teeth. Super, the vitamin biscuit for strength. Fruit, containing real fruit for digestion. And Ginger, the appetiser. Get him a bag to-day.

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In packets and bags, 5d. and 1/-, and larger sizes.

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Please Remember!

Your dog looks to you for everything. You are his caterer and his chef. Therefore, provide him with foods which suit his needs and constitution. For safety's sake buy SPRATT'S and give the dog *his due!*

The biscuits that are liked best by all dogs and appreciated most by dog owners are, unquestionably,

Every biscuit is stamped with the name SPRATT'S, and Trademark "X."

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MEAN HEALTH & LONG LIFE FOR YOUR DOG.

Write to-day for free 100 page "Guide to Dog Management."

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TORQUAY

THERE WILL BE NO REGRETS

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VICTORIA & ALBERT HOTEL

The Hotel with a high reputation for

— TABLE — SERVICE —

COMFORT — AND MODERATE PRICES

Enough for 3 million "Whisky Macs"!

30,000 gallons of Stone's Ginger Wine maturing in a veteran vat 120 years old. Certainly the Whisky Mac is becoming very popular. What is a Whisky Mac? Fifty-Fifty Stone's Ginger Wine and Whisky. The pick-me-up that turns your inner regions into one big "central" heater. Frost-bitten golfers please note at the "nineteenth."

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STONE'S GINGER WINE and Whisky

The Original
Green Ginger Wine
FAMOUS SINCE 1740

HOTEL NICE

Continental

"A HOME FROM HOME."

Under the management of
MRS. LUIGI.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

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Winter in TORQUAY The ENGLISH RIVIERA

SURPASSING natural beauty coupled with a mild and kindly climate makes Torquay the ideal winter resort.

Standing against a background of luxuriantly-wooded hills and looking southward over the clean wide sweep of Torbay, this "Queen of Watering Places" is sheltered from North, East and West — a veritable sun pocket beside a turquoise sea!

Torquay is replete with every facility for the enjoyment and entertainment of its visitors. It has a wonderful winter programme of entertainments, and hundreds of excellent hotels are offering specially favourable terms which are 10 to 20 per cent. below ordinary rates. All modern forms of Spa treatment are available, and the Spa Establishment is under the control of the Corporation.

By the famous G.W.R. Torbay Express (12 noon each week-day ex Paddington) Torquay is brought within 3½ hours of London.

There are many other fast services including through connections with the North and Midlands.

Winter Resort Tickets issued by any train to return any day within one month.
Holiday Tickets issued on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, to return following Friday, or any day thereafter until following Sunday week.
Detailed particulars of these Cheap Tickets and literature of Torquay obtainable from Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, W.2.

BUY BRITISH HOLIDAYS

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 351)

the subject of *My Friend the Admiral* (Routledge: 12*s.* 6*d.*), a book which will delight sailors, the lovers of Charles Lamb, and all those interested in the literary and social London in which the Burney family played so important a part.

JAMES BURNEY was the elder son of the famous Dr. Burney, and brother of Fanny Burney, whose novel, *Evelina*, was one of the earliest "best-sellers." Hitherto, he has lacked a biographer; now, thanks to Mr. Manwaring, Lamb's "Admiral" has been rescued from an undeserved obscurity. He entered the Navy, and, amongst other service accompanied Captain Cook on his last voyage. He wrote a thrilling account of the events that led up to Cook's death, which Mr. Manwaring publishes for the first time. Returned to England, he settled in London, and, having his full share of the Burney wit and humour, became friends with that brilliant coterie which numbered Lamb, Southey, Crabb, Robinson, and Hazlitt. His friendship with Lamb was especially close. Mr. Manwaring has done a service to our naval and literary history in giving us this story of James Burney. It is admirably done.

WHEN you open a new book by Miss Rosita Forbes you naturally expect vivid word pictures of burning desert sands, shady oases, strong, silent sheikhs, and lovely maidens, but in *Ordinary People* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.*) she has broken entirely fresh ground. But her description of Sarchester, the manufacturing city, with its smoke and furnaces, in which the Lake family have their home, is as vivid as anything she has written of the desert.

"SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE CASTLE"

Dennys installs a central heating system. One of the many amusing illustrations from "A Book of Dragons" (6s.), by Alfred Leete

THERE are four Lake children, two brothers, two sisters. Their father was a solicitor's clerk, with pronounced Socialist views, who married a farmer's daughter. The children have strong, divergent characters, but one common bond, love of their mother and of one another. Miss Forbes differentiates these characters with skill. All four fall in love, the two boys and one girl marry; the second girl, Gillian, dispenses with the services of parson or registrar.

IT is in their marriages that you get to the bed-rock of these people's characters—a tenacity of loyalty and a total inability to see any point of view except their own. Yet the fullest happiness comes to none of them. But here Miss Forbes is undoubtedly right. The reactions of other people's temperaments to the various Lake characteristics would inevitably lead to troubles and difficulties. An unusual book, and so written that your interest is given equally to the brothers and sisters.

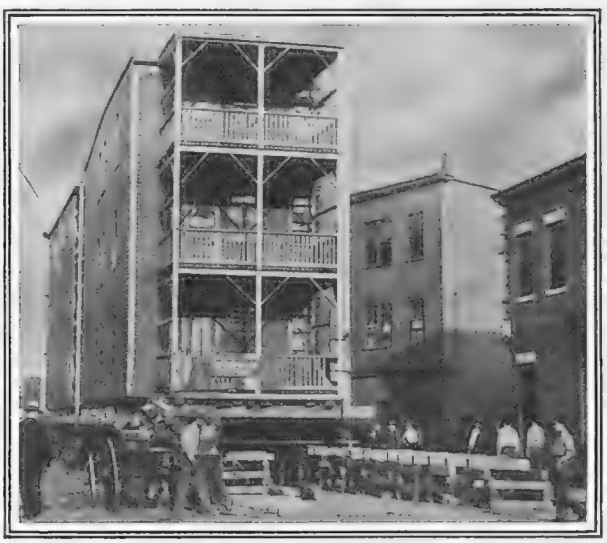
WHAT would English humour be without it H. M. Bateman? Robbed of a large part of its savour. The latest collection of his drawings, *Brought Forward* (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.*), is a mine of chuckles and laughter, and a joy to possess. A competition might be started to decide which is the funniest of these hundred and five drawings. Personally, I should not care to be the judge. Too difficult a task.

"JUNIUS."

NEW YORK'S GAIETIES (continued from page 322)

audience who changed into evening clothes during the interval were English. The J. B. Fagans were among them, Mrs. Fagan explaining that she couldn't bear to sit in a theatre for so long a stretch without freshening up. The Guild, having had many plays in recent years which the public considered too "arty" and boring, has firmly established itself again with the O'Neill trilogy, as has the author himself, whom many have considered as having "gone tricky" until this, his undisputed masterpiece.

I WENT up to New Haven last week-end to see what I consider the most colourful of all our football games—the Yale-Army match. All the cadets came over from West Point by bus, and their drill on the grid-iron before and after the game sent thrills through all the debutantes and college girls, who always look their smartest at these outdoor events. Most people thought this favourite game would not draw the crowds this autumn, but the huge Yale stadium had only 6,000 empty seats—I say "only" because even this number is lost in the bowl which seats 80,000. The gay crowd witnessing the game was plunged into sudden gloom through the tragic accident received by Cadet Dick Sheridan. The gallant player's neck was broken, and he died not long after the stretcher bearers had carried him off the field.



HOW SOME AMERICANS MOVE!

Two three-storey houses being transported en bloc through the streets of East Boston. Americans, as has been said so very frequently, are nothing if they are not thorough!

WHILE in New Haven I saw the first of the new colleges which Yale is building. The University is to be divided somewhat along the lines of Oxford and Cambridge, although at Yale the new colleges will be used merely as living quarters. No special faculty will be assigned to individual colleges. The first one to be completed is Davenport College. It is an extremely attractive structure built in the form of a quadrangle, and it reminds me a little of your English colleges. It includes a dormitory, dining hall, library, study rooms, and a few apartments for dons. Davenport College gives you a shock by the liberty which the architect has taken in mixing his periods. The exterior is strictly Gothic, but the moment you pass through the archway leading to the courtyard you find yourself facing a quadrangle entirely Georgian!

JAMES GAMBLE ROGERS Co., the architects for the college, excuse their procedure by pointing to the fact that the exterior was on a street which was entirely lined with buildings of Gothic architecture. They felt that a Georgian façade (and for some reason the college had to be Georgian) would have been too jarring a note.

IN New Haven I saw the try-out of a new revue headed for Broadway—a revue which is destined to keep even the gloomiest Wall Streeter laughing. It is descriptively called *The Laugh Parade*. Here is one of the gags which made a special hit with me: "Four more years of Hoover and Gandhi will be a well-dressed man!"

W. P.

FASHIONS FANCIES

Exclusive BYSTANDER *Photograph* *By Tunbridge*

FASHIONABLE EVENING FROCKS

Brocade in lovely colourings will be in the limelight at Christmas and New Year Festivities. These veritable triumphs of the dressmaker's art may be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. An important feature of the one on the left is the lace-edged flounce, while the ribbon bow and floral braces strike new notes in the model on the right

THE GULLIVER FOOT BAG

COATS OF CUMBERLAND TWEED. CRÊPE DE CHINE and LEATHER BAGS

"The Cheddar Gorge"

PETER ROBINSON'S, Oxford Street, W., set piece in the toy department this season is "The Cheddar Gorge," with its wonderful caves. Naturally, Father Christmas is M.C., and not only does he welcome the guests, but informs them that he will have to overlook their chimneys unless they go to bed ever so early on Christmas Eve and are very obedient in every respect. Then he shows them the Great Rock which inspired the hymn, "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me." Subsequently he consigns them to the care of an attendant, who takes them round the great toy bazaar. There are character dolls of every kind, including Jack Tar, and there are miniature replicas of animals of all kinds, Cairns, Terriers and other breeds. Never have there been more wonderful crackers, many have been specially designed for table centres and include aeroplanes, galleons, castles, and forts, some of them lit by electricity. There are several very good table golf and bagatelle games, and it is indeed a matter for congratulation that they are British made.

"Under the Sea"

ALL who revel in Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies" must take the young folk to see "Life Under the Sea," at another big store in Oxford Street, W. They are conveyed to this wonderful land in a diving bell with an observation car, so that they are able to meet fish which they are sure are alive. Sometimes they turn back to greet their friends, and then when they reach the bottom they are met by Father Christmas, who points out all the wonders. Sometimes they are rather disappointed that they cannot find Little Tim. However, when Father Christmas bids them farewell he explains that he is now grown up and may come and visit them on Christmas Eve, with Mrs. Bedonebyasyouwould. There are galleries of toys at prices to suit all exchequers. It is safe to predict that numbers of the older generation will enjoy a visit as much as the younger as British toys reign supreme.

Printed crêpe de Chine, plain crêpe de Chine, Russia calf and lizard skin have been used for these fashionable bags from Druce's, Baker Street, W

As Cumberland tweed is the modish fabricating medium for wrap coats, Studd and Millington have used it for this coat with smart revers and South American skunk collar

Useful Gifts

AND as there are many in quest of useful gifts, attention must be drawn to the Gulliver Foot Bag rug. It is ideal for travelling as well as for the use of invalids in general. It consists of a light and warm rug, which can be buttoned round the waist, the other end is attached to the bag and forms a foot muff. It is 57*s.* 6*d.*, or, fleece-lined, 75*s.* 6*d.*, at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W. Again, there are all-British bed rests, with pockets in patterned damask, filled with horse hair for resilience, 59*s.* 6*d.*, and there are thoroughly practical bed tables for 39*s.* 6*d.*

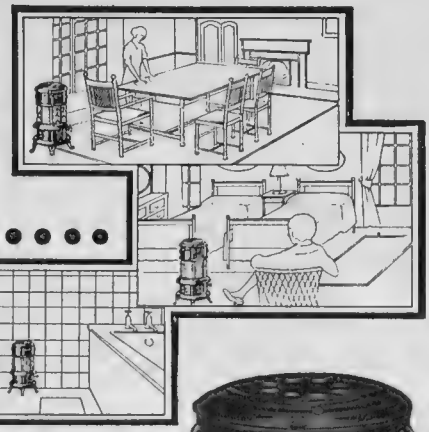
Sensible Clothes for Country Wear

TWEED is still a favourite medium for coats, and two- and three-piece suits. A coat planned in this fabric, on the smart, graceful lines for which Studd and Millington, Conduit Street, are well known, would be an excellent investment now that expenditure must of necessity be limited. The model sketched on this page is composed of a soft Cumberland tweed to which is allied fur. This takes the form of a high-standing collar of South American skunk in a warm shade of brown. The shoulders are cut to well-fitting proportions. The belt which fastens in front does not interrupt the smooth curve of the back, as it is attached to the seams at the sides. The entire coat is lined throughout with silk. The woman with a country house should not neglect this opportunity, for good tweed is invaluable for giving lengthy service combined with comfort.

Smart Accessories

THE lure of the handbag should cause many women to wend their way to Druce's, of Baker Street. This firm are showing some remarkable value in bags, and there are displayed an assortment to please the most fastidious taste. In particular, attention must be drawn to a crêpe de Chine scarf and matching handbag made in a variety of attractive designs and colourings for the modest sum of 21*s.* A large, practical bag, containing an equally commodious purse and a mirror, is made in Russia calf, and is safeguarded with lock as well as clasps. It costs 63*s.* The woman who favours real lizard skin combined with morocco will appreciate a bag in fawn or grey, with nickel edge and clasp. An afternoon or evening bag in pleated crêpe de Chine has untarnishable chromium fittings. It is made in all colours, and may be acquired for 21*s.*, and, of course, there are others at equally pleasant prices.

..here,



there.....

and

everywhere!

The "FYRAYS" coal effect Oil Heater is the last word in Stoves. It gives luxurious Heat wherever and whenever you want it. The cheery glow of a coal fire is radiated by the "FYRAYS," being an exclusive feature of this magnificent Heater. Fumeless and most economical in fuel consumption, British from top to bottom—including the glass that helps the glow!

SEE IT AT YOUR IRONMONGERS OR WRITE FOR LIST "A."

"FYRAYS"

The COAL EFFECT OIL HEATER

RIPPINGILLES

ALBION LAMP COMPANY Ltd.

Aston Road North, Birmingham.

★ *Price* 59/-

Buy British Soap-

-Preferably

WRIGHT'S

COAL TAR

SOAP

6d. per tablet.

"LACTOGEN

. . . the best substitute for Mothers Milk"

Says a Lady Doctor

"I have much pleasure in expressing my unqualified approval of your Lactogen as a perfect diet and the best substitute for mother's milk. I especially found that Lactogen contains the exact amount of fat needed in a food for infants and that the emulsification of the fat helps greatly in the digestion and assimilation."

Even the most delicate babies thrive on Lactogen because it contains all the vital nutriment they need in easily digested form. Lactogen is pure, fresh, full-cream modified dried milk with extra cream and natural milk-sugar added, made in all important respects exactly like breast milk.

BETTER MILK FOR BABIES

"LACTOGEN"

REGD TRADE MARK

PER 2/9 TIN

From all Chemists.

FREE LACTOGEN SAMPLE AND BOOKLET

Start your Baby right! Send for the useful little booklet, "Early Days," and a Free Sample of Lactogen—the Better Milk for Babies. For Baby's sake send now!

THE LACTOGEN BABY BUREAU (Dept. A.P.39). St. George's House, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

Lactogen is a Nestlé's Product and is obtainable in all countries.

A Necessity since 1793!

It was realised 138 years ago that Rowland's Macassar Oil was the perfect hair preparation, because it was something more than just a dressing. The reason is its very close resemblance to the natural oil of the scalp. It gives life to all classes of hair, keeps it rich and thick and prevents greyness. It is still recognised as the leading hair preparation to-day.

Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers 3/6, 7/- and 10/6. Red for dark hair, Golden for fair or grey hair.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD., 22, Laystall Street, Rosebury, Ave., E.C.1

MOTOR NOTES

In a lovely corner of rural England. A Ford "Fordor" Saloon, with sunshine roof, passing through the picturesque village, Chenies, in Oxfordshire

SENSE for SUMMER MOTORISTS

By E. M. WRIGHT

I AM genuinely glad that those who laid up their cars at the beginning of the quarter have had to sit at home during the finest October we have enjoyed for years. I am not by nature vindictive, but I have so little sympathy for "summer motorists" that it doubles my enjoyment of "out of season" runs to remember that hundreds and thousands are viewing their temporarily derelict cars with disgust and bitter regrets. We have seldom experienced—I almost wrote enjoyed—so topsy-turvy a year. While dwellers in the West of Scotland, normally the wettest part of Great Britain, complained of drought, the rest of us sloshed our way like a lot of bedraggled hens through everlasting rain. The summer was a washout. The first few days of November, on the other hand, were the warmest for seventy years, whilst so far such fogs as we have "enjoyed" have been thin, miserable counterfeits of the "London particular," in which every Londoner takes a perverse pride.

***

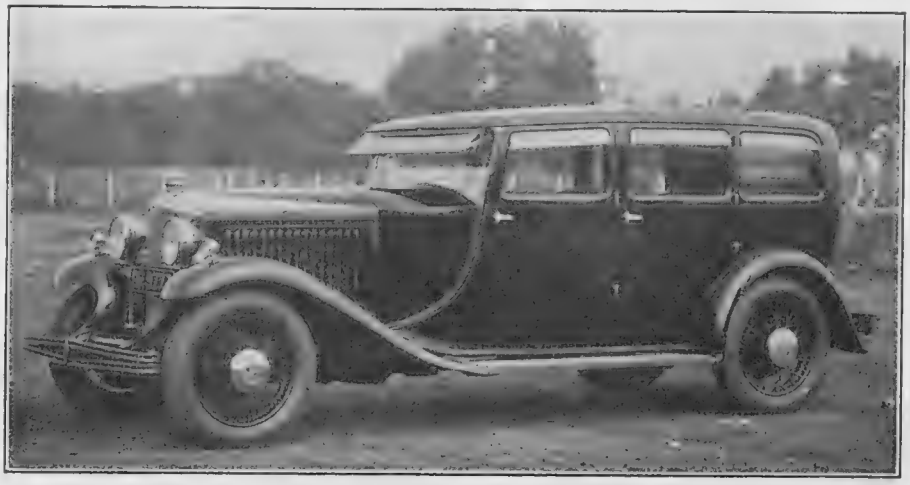
I COULD quote a dozen other instances of unseasonable weather this year. The real point, however, is that seasons in this climate scarcely exist at all. The time of year is of no consequence. Every one of the twelve months can and does provide you with a sample of what a perfect day ought to be. The *only* way to enjoy motoring is to have your car ready so that you may seize the opportunity when it is offered you. "Summer motorists" are still bewailing their disastrous experiences during the six months of wet weather which are loosely and euphemistically known as the summer. They asked for more than they will ever receive. If these fair-weather motorists had had their cars in commission last month the runs they could have enjoyed then would have more than made up for the damp and depressing trips they tried to enjoy earlier in the year. To lay up your car is black sin; but the way of repentance is not hard. Pay penance to your local licensing authority, confess your sins to your local garage man, and, anointing your car with new oil, take the open road.

***

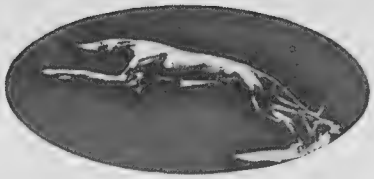
DO not imagine that because I so warmly champion winter motoring that I am a ruddy-cheeked he-man who positively revels in driving an open car in a blizzard. I would as soon go for a stroll in Siberia clad only in summer underwear. I urge the folly of laying up the car during the winter merely because, from actual experience, I know that the ordinary private motorist *can* enjoy winter runs as much as, or more than, he enjoys motoring in the summer. This year should surely give the lie to the belief still so widely held that fine days are only met with in the summer. There are fine days in winter, too. You cannot say when they will come; you can only hold yourself and your car in readiness for them.

***

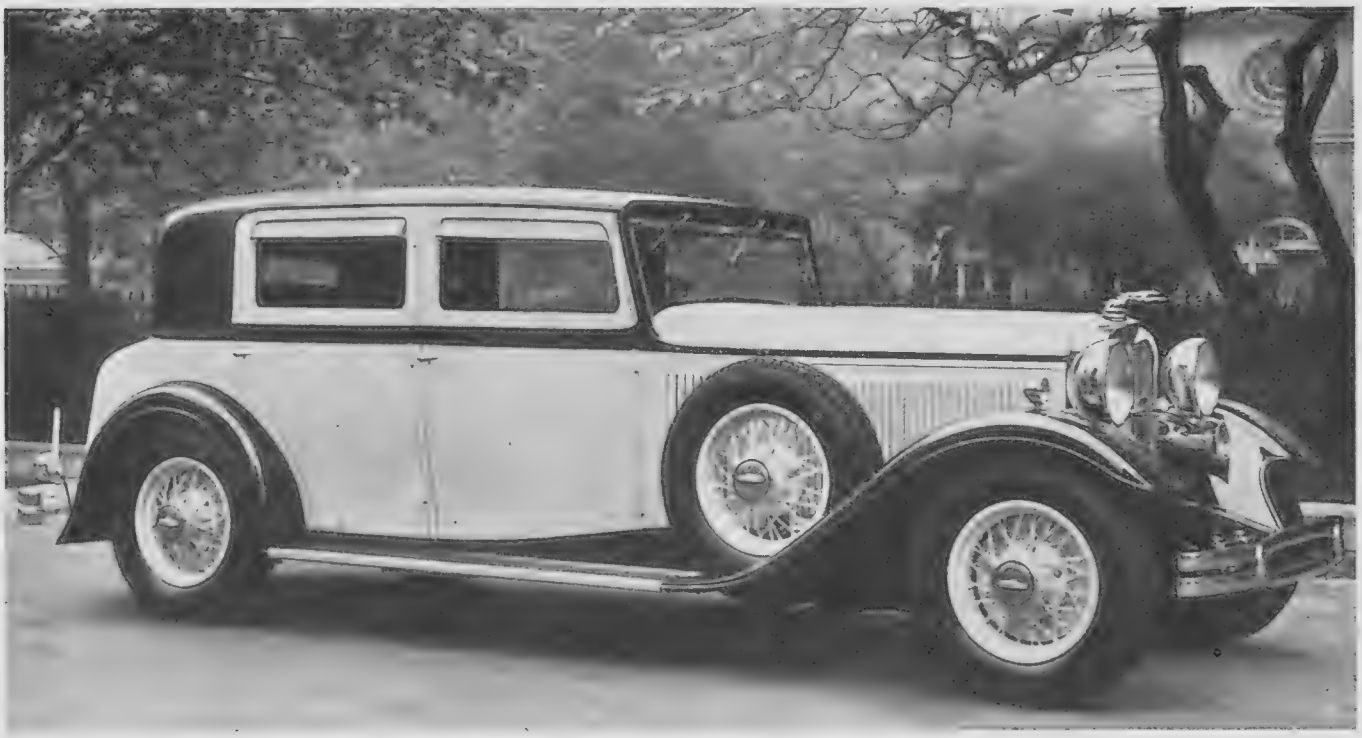
OUR taxation system directly encourages the hard-hit owner-driver to waste his car by laying it up in the winter. The saving, however, is not so great as it would seem. The total tax saved *appears* to be quite a respectable sum, but on an ordinary light car of, say, 12 h.p. the saving on tax and insurance together actually amounts to less than 7*s*. 6*d*. a week. Garaging, and to a large extent depreciation (by far the heaviest item in motoring), cost the same whether the car is used or not, and petrol and oil costs and other running expenses are very largely offset by extra expenditure on fares. I am well aware of the summer motorists' argument that their cars are used solely for holiday runs, and that laying them up, therefore, does not involve extra expenditure in fares. How many cars are, in fact, used only for touring? Summer or winter, the chief merit of a car is its handiness as a means of getting about. Those who do literally use their cars only for touring have not even begun to appreciate the advantages of having a car. The more you use a car the less in proportion is its cost.



This Newmarket Seven-passenger Sports Saloon, mounted on the long wheel-base Vauxhall "Silent 80" chassis, is of particular interest to those who require a low, sporting type of saloon, with the advantage of being able to carry two additional passengers. This car, exhibited by the Grosvenor Carriage Co., Ltd., sells for £685



Yet You Did *Not* See THE NEW LINCOLN?



You saw the world's costliest cars, those most expensively, laboriously boosted ?

But you missed the New LINCOLN, the ace of "eights," the car of tomorrow, the car of consummate performance !

A pity, but it's never too late to mend. Let us show you what this New LINCOLN will do—in Bond Street, on Brooklands Track, up the Brooklands Test Hill, out on the broad highway, up-hill, down-dale.

No matter how high your conception of a really superb motor car, it can be realised, brought down to actuality in the New LINCOLN.

Mechanical excellence, magnificence of coach-work, chaste elegance of appointment, and the very acme of automobile achievement—they are all yours in this New LINCOLN.

Yet it costs so very, very little, in relation to what it is, and does, year after year.

THE NEW LINCOLN

LINCOLN CAR DEPARTMENT, FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED,
88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. REGENT 7272 (15 LINES)

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

IN THE NEWS

Oil for Winter

For winter motoring the use of a lighter grade of oil is recommended on many makes of car. But let me give a word of warning. Before making such a change owners should consult the instructions issued by the manufacturers themselves, or by the oil companies. Almost every car and even every model has special individual characteristics of its own, and many technical factors have to be taken into consideration when choosing a suitable grade of oil. Thus two makes of car with roughly the same performance, and of the same horse-power, will require different treatment. On the one it is perfectly safe to change over to a lighter grade of oil during the cold weather. The other, however, should be run on the same grade of oil throughout the year. Take the case of two well-known "Nines." On one Castrol XL, for example, is recommended both for winter and summer. On the other owners are advised to change over to Castrol AA, a lighter grade of oil, during the winter. Few motorists have sufficient technical knowledge to decide for themselves what oil they should use, and should therefore adhere strictly to the instructions issued by either the manufacturers or the oil companies concerned.

Men and Machines

The life histories of many of our industrial leaders are sometimes so moral and so improving that frankly they revolt me. But it was with no such feelings that I read "At the Wheel" by Mr. G. S. Davison (Industrial Transport Publications, Ltd., London, 5s. net). The book is a series of thumb-nail sketches of the leading personalities in the motor industry. The author's avowed object is to show how that industry has been built up from nothing, by men whom nothing could daunt, and the publishers rightly describe it as a "vigorous counter-blast to the literature of defeatism."

Mr. Davison *might* have produced a "moral" and "improving" book—which I should never have read. Actually he points

Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves, Managing Director of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., the famous firm which supplied the engines for Lord Wakefield's Miss England II (the boat holding the world's water speed record) and for the Schneider 'plane which secured the world's air speed record

his moral by telling a simple straight forward story of what has been done—a story adorned here and there with pleasant human touches, which reveal the character of the men he describes. There is romance and plenty of solid "meaty" information. Sir Malcolm Campbell contributes a foreword. I like his opening sentence: "Britain is the greatest country in the world to-day." It may or it may not be true, but we are all the better for believing it

For Good Samaritans

A very easy way for a motorist to do a "good turn" is to offer to drive patients from the hospitals to convalescent homes. The patients are invariably poor people and sometimes their chance of getting to a convalescent home depends on the provision of free transport. The R.A.C. (Pall Mall, S.W.1) maintains a register of private car owners in London who are prepared to help the hospitals in this way, and is now appealing for more volunteers. In no case is a driver asked to take patients suffering from an infectious disease, and a nurse is always in attendance during the journey.

Fords in Africa

Whilst a debutante has done the journey from London to the Cape in a few days, Captain Geoffrey Malins is still struggling overland and is now south of Khartoum. As leader of the British Africa Trade Development Expedition, he is, in fact, a super commercial traveller and has with him a wide stock of samples to boost our trade wherever he goes. In his fleet of cars are two Ford light vans. These vehicles, one with a trailer attached, have accomplished over 7,000 miles from Rotterdam to Khartoum, much of the way over terrible roads, or even no roads at all, without a single mechanical breakdown. Road conditions from Khartoum onwards are so bad that it may be another month before the expedition clears the Sudan. Thence the route lies through Nairobi, Broken Hill, and Johannesburg to Cape Town. E. M. W.

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ONE SHILLING

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

BRANKSOME TOWER HOTEL
BOURNEMOUTH

Dîner

Saumon fumé au Citron
Canapé Moscovite

Crême de Volaille

Suprême de Turbot Royale

Faisan de Wimborne rôti
Choux-fleur à la Crême . Pommes Chips
Salade Mimosa

Coupe au Pain bis
Panier de Petits Fours

Dessert

L. Burdet

le 7 novembre 1931

The menu of an attractive dinner served recently at the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth, It has been signed by the Manager, M. L. Burdet, whose photograph is seen on the right

Pilau de Homard

Cut up the flesh of a lobster. Wash three-quarters of a cupful of rice and put it into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of butter, and cook slowly, stirring often until the grains are yellow. Add a little salt and pepper and one cupful of boiling water, cover and cook gently, adding from time to time a little more boiling water, but no more than the rice can absorb. Stir a little, but only with a fork so that the grains may not be broken. When the rice is tender add the cut lobster which has been sprinkled with one tablespoon of lemon juice and the same of butter; stir all together carefully, dish up, and send to table very hot.

Terrapin de Veau

Cut the veal into dice. Fry well together in a stewpan one tablespoonful of butter and the same of flour; add one cupful of cream and stir until smooth and thick. This will give a smooth sauce of a pale coffee colour. Add the veal and a good seasoning of salt and white pepper, and simmer for ten minutes. Then add three hard-boiled eggs coarsely chopped, half a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and cook for five minutes; add two tablespoonfuls of sherry and take from the fire. Serve with a garnish of hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters.

M. L. BURDET
The Manager of the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth and late of the Carlton and Hyde Park Hotels

Compôte de Marrons

Remove the outer skins of some chestnuts and place them in a pan of cold water. Bring to the boil, and then remove the second skin, being careful not to break the nuts. Make a syrup with a breakfast-cupful of water, ¼ lb. of sugar, a glass of sherry, and the juice of a lemon. Simmer the chestnuts in this for twenty minutes. Strain the syrup, pour it over the chestnuts, and serve cold.

Luncheon

Hors d'Œuvres.
Pilau de Homard.
Terrapin de Veau.
Petits Pois au Beurre.
Compôte de Marrons.
Œufs au Parmesan.
Café.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Help for the Shaver

The "Allegro" stropping machine has been on the market for some considerable time and given universal satisfaction. It fulfils what it sets out to do, which is to keep safety razor blades up to the mark for months on end. It hones and strops automatically, and the operation can be performed in about thirty seconds. A new model has just been produced which is even more quick in action than its predecessor, while being equally effective. The "Allegro" is made in three models to fit varying kinds of blades, and the price of the machine (all models) is only 15*s.* 6*d.* Over a million are now in use, and the ingenious time-saving device of the latest model should soon cause the sales to reach the two million mark, for it is a contrivance which no man who uses a safety razor should be without, if only on the score of economy. The "Allegro" machine is on sale at Morley House, 314-322, Regent Street, London, W.1, and can also be obtained from retailers throughout the country.

Wool and Your Health

No other material has quite the health-guarding properties of pure wool—one of the protective coverings provided by Nature and one which cannot be imitated. Pure wool, by imprisoning air in the interspaces of its fibres and by its capacity to obsorb moisture, not only prevents loss of heat, and therefore energy, but insulates the body from outside cold and increases the body's power of resistance in rapidly changing weather conditions. In pure wool lies safety—the safety that Nature herself provides. After suffering a temporary eclipse, wool is again in favour with the well-dressed woman, which is all as it should be, for nowadays it is possible to obtain "undies" of pure wool not a whit less dainty than they are protective. To look over the "Pesco" range of underwear is to realise what tremendous strides the manufacturers of this class of goods have taken during the last decade. Certainly, no longer can the accusation of "stodginess" be levelled at woolly "beneaths" when there exists the beautiful texture, craftsmanship and design of "Pesco" to be admired.

"Pesco" underwear is a sure protection against the cold and ills of winter

For Hunting Folk

For many years past I have been advising those who hunt and those who follow hunting to make sure of possessing a current edition of Baily's Hunting Directory if they would keep au courant with all the important particulars of Hunts and their officials, and having carefully been through the pages of the recently published thirty-fifth volume, which covers the 1931-1932 season, I cannot do better than repeat my advice. Particulars of no fewer than 548 hunts, including Foxhounds, Foot Harriers, and Beagles in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; Harriers in England, Wales, and Ireland; Staghounds and Draghounds in England and Ireland; Basset Hounds in England and Wales; other Hounds in Great Britain; and 147 Overseas hunts are found in its pages, together with much other useful information, including a review of the past hunting season. There are two editions of the Directory, one bound in red cloth selling at 10*s.* 6*d.*, by post 11*s.*, and the other in red leather with a hunting diary, priced at 15*s.*, by post 15*s.* 6*d.* The publishers are Messrs. Vinton and Co., Ltd., 8, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E.C.4.

The British Sailors' Society

The Annual Festival Dinner of the British Sailors' Society will be held at the Guildhall, London, on December 1st. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has graciously consented to preside. In his appeal as Chairman of the Dinner Committee, Colonel Sir Frederick Green, C.C., says: "On account of the unprecedented and acute distress among the officers and men of the Mercantile Marine, I earnestly beg the most generous help you can afford. The fact that there are 45,000 men unemployed in the British mercantile marine makes me bold in appealing to you even in such a time of national anxiety as the present. During 1930, 56,636 free meals and 19,472 free beds were provided; help being given in 37,000 cases of special need. Work for 2,326 unemployed sailors was secured.

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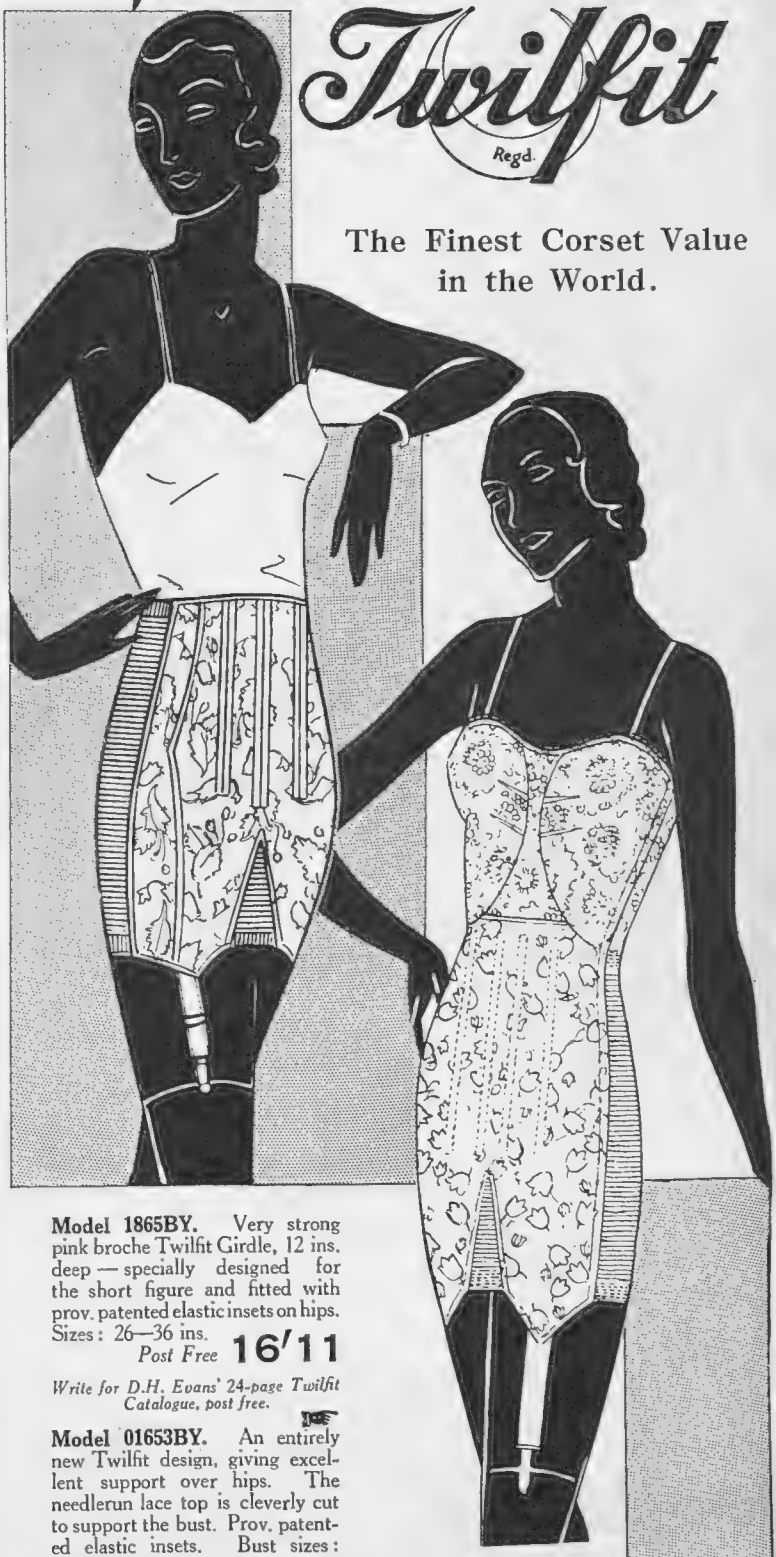

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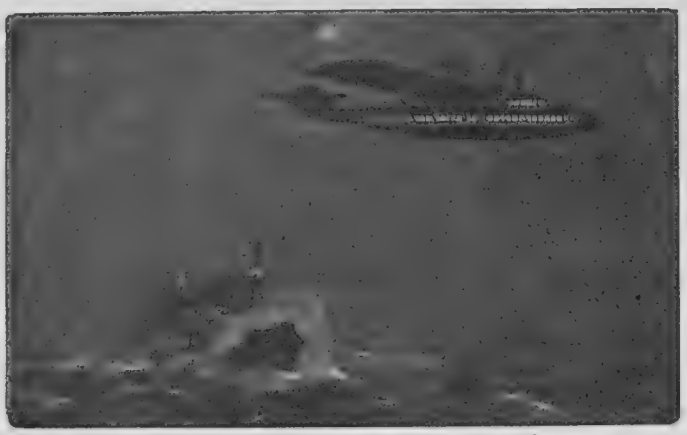

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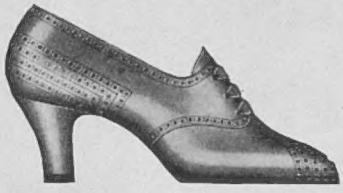

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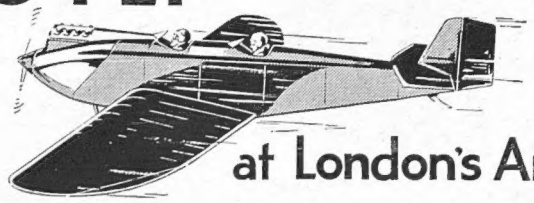

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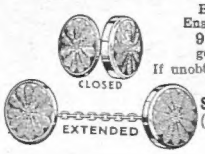

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